

Silver Screen

Edited by
RUTH WATERBURY



RIL

HOW THEY
GUARD THEIR
HEALTH

Jane
Gaynor

JOHN
ROLSTON
CLARKE

9160

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GIRL in HOLLYWOOD



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Who else wants to learn to play....

at home without
a teacher, in ½ the usual
time and ⅓ the usual cost?



Over 600,000 men and women have learned to play their favorite instruments the U. S. School of Music way!

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Just think! You can quickly learn to play any instrument—directly from the notes—and at an average cost of only a few cents a day.

You study in your own home, practice as much or as little as you please. Yet almost before you realize it you are playing real tunes and melodies—not dull scales, as with old-fashioned methods.

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As the lessons continue they become easier and easier. For instead of just scales you learn to play by *actual notes* the favorites that formerly you've only listened to. You can't imagine what fun it is, until you've started!

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You'll never know what real fun and good times are until you've learned to play some musical instrument. For music is a joy-building tonic—a sure cure for the "blues." If you can play, you are always in demand, sought after, sure of a good time. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your favorite instrument—without the deadly drudging and prohibitive expense that were such drawbacks before. At last you can start right in and *get somewhere*, quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

Here's Proof!

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—and owe it all to your *easy lessons*," writes George C. Lauer of Belfast, Maine.

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces," says Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind. "I *knew* nothing about music when I started."

"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished," writes Turner B. Blake, of Harrisburg, Ill.

And C. C. Mittlestadt, of Mora, Minn., says, "I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I

learned to play from your *easy lessons*."

You, too, can learn to master the piano, violin, 'cello, saxophone—any instrument you prefer—this quick, easy way! For every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical*. Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment*. That's why students of the U. S. School course get ahead *twice as fast* as those who study by old-fashioned plodding methods.

Booklet and Demonstration Lesson—FREE!

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. A booklet has been printed, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," that explains this famous method in detail, and is yours free for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which *proves* how delightfully quick and easy—how *thorough*—this modern method is.

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U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1194 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

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--- Organ	--- Clarinet
--- Ukulele	--- Flute
--- Cornet	--- Saxophone
--- Trombone	--- Harp
--- Piccolo	--- Mandolin
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Silver Screen

RUTH WATERBURY
EditorJIMMY STARR
Western Representative

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Cover Portrait of Janet Gaynor by John Rolston Clarke

The Prize
Winning
Slogan

in

SILVER SCREEN'S

Great Slogan

Contest will be

announced in the

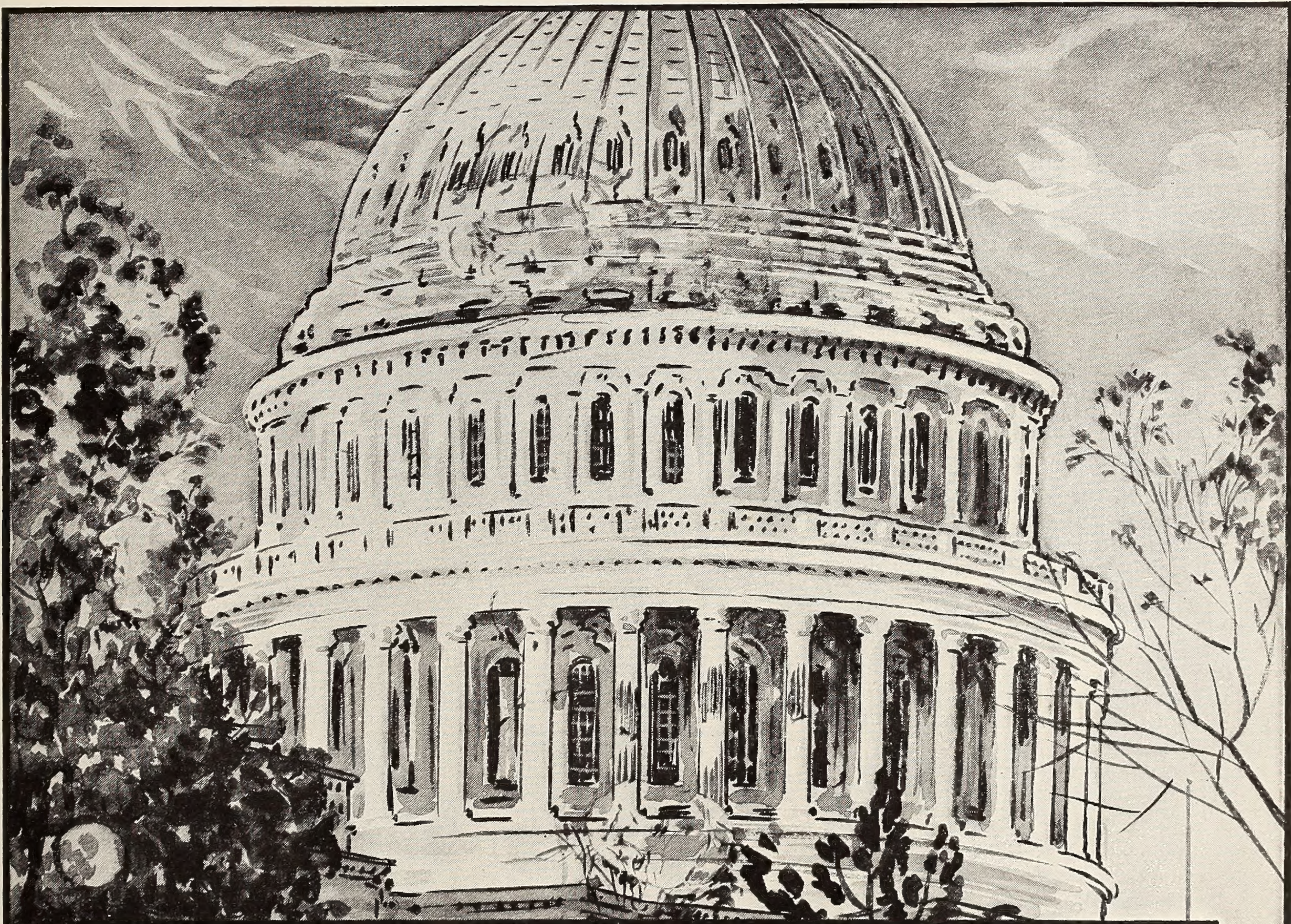
May Issue on sale

on all news stands

April tenth.



-how clever are your Eyes?



QUALIFY...for PRIZES of \$12,500.00

LOOK sharp! Dim visions of six of our greatest presidents are carefully hidden in this picture. CAN YOU FIND THREE OR MORE OF THEM? They are so vague as to be actually lost to the sight of all but the sharpest and cleverest eyes. As a test of your eligibility to win the highest prize of three thousand six hundred dollars, we ask that you find at least three of them. There is no other cost but a little time and postage. To see them, it may be necessary for you to turn this picture upside down or sideways, so scrutinize it closely from every possible angle. They may be on the dome of the capitol itself, in the clouds, lurking near the pillars, among the trees, or most anywhere. We want to find out if you are sincerely interested in our product. This twelve thousand five hundred dollars worth of prizes will be given and every one of the fifteen big prize winners will receive a beautiful new automobile or its full value in cash. The smallest prize

you can win is \$495.00 and the largest \$3,600.00. On simple evidence of promptness, the first prize winner will receive \$2,000.00 cash as an extra reward just for being quick! Think of that. Now look sharp! Can you see at least three visions of the hidden presidents? If your eyes are clever enough to find three or more of them, cut out only the faces and send to me with your name and address. Someone who has sharp, clever eyes to qualify and is quick, can win three thousand six hundred dollars. It might as well be you. If you pass this test, are quick and make the prize winning standing, this offer will bring you a prize of three thousand six hundred dollars in cash. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers can be accepted only from persons living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago.

F. LANGE, Free Prize Director,
Dept. 122 37 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

Hair Raising Secrets

DANDRUFF, oiliness, falling hair, dullness. Ugly little words, those, that I see too frequently in my correspondence.

There seem to be two extremes of attitude about having lovely hair.

Some girls seem to regard it as a great, dark mystery. Others act as though it were as easy to raise a head of beautiful hair as it is to raise a cloud of dust.

Well, there's no particular secret about it, but neither is it a lead-pipe cinch.

Hair is beauty. The face ages. The skin ages. The eyes grow tired. But the hair, given proper care, remains beautiful always. The most perfectly cared-for face will look badly if the hair above it is lusterless and disordered. Yet a neglected face will never be apparent if the hair around it is shining and becomingly arranged. The hair is like a frame to a picture. It makes a bad picture look good and a good picture look better.

So, why not have beautiful hair? It honestly is yours for the asking, or rather the wanting.

Two things you must have. Health and a hairbrush. Now, isn't that simple? Seriously, it is amazing how many girls overlook the influence of their health on their locks, curly or otherwise. If you have been over-indulging, in food or in parties, in things that make your blood sluggish and your body tired, your hair will show it by becoming dull and thin. If you have been worrying, your scalp will tighten up, and your hair get dry and that affliction, dandruff, will probably set in. So you must keep yourself well; eat the right food; get your eight hours' nightly sleep and your twenty minutes' daily exercise, if you want to make your "crowning glory" live up to its title. Then you must use your hairbrush. (No, not like an angry parent. Use it for one hundred strokes daily, at least, from your scalp to the very ends of your hair.)

Now I can hear a lot of you saying, "But Miss Lee, since the advent of the bob, we all take more care of our hair than ever before. We get it waved every week or so; shampooed every ten to twenty days. Isn't that better care than girls used to give their heads?"

Well, it is in one way. But we have lost something, too, in the rise of the beauty shop. Take that matter of the hundred brush strokes, for instance. That used to



By
MARY LEE

BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING

Mary Lee will be glad to advise you on any beauty problem—skin, hair, eyes, the best colors to wear, the little tricks of personality. Send her a stamped, addressed envelope, for personal replies. Miss Lee's address is in care of SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York.

be our mothers' nightly rite. Brushing their hair was as much a matter of beauty routine with them as our cold creaming our faces is with us. But too many of us now neglect this brushing. We are afraid of losing our waves, or we are tired, or we don't see the sense in it anyway. Well, there is sense, girls, really and truly. Sufficient brushing keeps the circulation of the scalp healthy and vigorous. It prevents hair from becoming either too oily or too dry. It brings out the natural gloss of the hair, and it helps to keep it clean. As far as brushing out a marcel or water wave is concerned, it may make the wave straighten out a bit sooner than you like, but on the other hand, a wave stays less and less in hair that is growing unhealthy. It is better to have healthy, straight

hair than a dull elaborately dressed coiffure. So please do brush your hair at least five minutes daily. You will be amazed how it will repay you.

There are two schools of thought on shampooing. I belong to the one which believes you should not wash the hair too often. For oily scalps every ten days to two weeks should be enough, I think. For dry scalps, every third week, always implying, of course, that you have brushed your hair daily meanwhile. But do use pure soap. An olive oil soap is excellent for dry hair, a pure castile for oily. There are on the market, too, liquid shampoos that are very fine and you will find these easier to use than cake soap. Tar soap is better for brunettes, as it has a slight drying tendency. When you do use cake soap for shampooing, it is best to make a jelly of the soap by melting it in a little water and adding a pinch of borax. This prevents your getting bits of soap on your scalp which do not rinse off

easily. A tablespoon of lemon juice in the final rinsing water will cut the soap curds and assure you that the hair is clean. Do rinse it out carefully, and if it is possible, dry your hair by hand, out in the sunlight, and avoid those terrible hot drying lamps at the average hair-dresser's.

Good health, careful brushing, complete cleanliness. These are the things you need for hair beauty. I am sorry I haven't space to give you definite advice here on dandruff and advanced hair troubles, but if you will write me personally I'll give you advice on those by mail. I'll be glad to tell you how to dress your hair, too.

SILVER SCREEN

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

The \$7.70 Show that Thrilled Broadway for Two Seasons
Now Bigger, Grander, Funnier on the Vitaphone Screen

—and most of the original Broadway Stars are in it!

Why do Americans go to Paris? To taste the wine?
To meet the girls? To see the shows? Perhaps—
but especially to find out just what it is that fifty
million Frenchmen can't be wrong about!
Here's your chance to learn the secrets of
la vie Parisien without crossing the ocean
and getting your feet wet. » » » »

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN
is based on the play by Herbert Fields
The screen adaptation was made by
Joseph Jackson, Al Boasberg and
Eddie Welch

Photographed by Technicolor
Directed by LLOYD BACON

CLAUDIA DELL

WILLIAM GAXTON

HELEN
BRODERICK

JOHN
HALLIDAY

OLSEN AND
JOHNSON

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

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LOVE AND HISSES!!



THIS is a real fan department—Love on one side and Hisses on the other. Write what you think about pictures you've seen and players you've heard—and don't pull your punches. Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. \$15 First Prize; \$10 Second and \$5 Third.

Prize Winners

FIRST PRIZE

Richmond, Va.

I HAVE recently seen Joan Crawford in "Paid." While I thought she was superb, and have for a long time considered her a great artist, to me she looked like a physical wreck. Do the stars really consider it beautiful to resemble human hat-racks? Of course, I don't go in for excessive fat, but I do think there is nothing more lovely than a well-rounded, delicately-molded figure. There is something gruesome when bones appear to be merely covered over with skin.

Excessive dieting, exercising, massaging, etc., are the causes of many of our stars being broken in health. There are Lila Lee and Renee Adoree, now in sanitariums, fighting to regain their strength. What an awful price to pay for fame and how unnecessary! It is needless to say that if one eats proper food, his resistance against disease is much greater.

We don't wish our screen friends to sacrifice their ALL for art. Knowing a star to be healthy, and thereby happy, makes the portrayal much more enjoyable. We must take care of our stars; we need them—they mean color, romance, dreams!

Fanny Lichtenfeld

STARS WITH FOUR EYES

Seattle, Wash.

LOOK about you the next time you attend a movie and note that the greater number of the audience are wearing glasses and hating it.

Dear stars! We be-spectacled mortals would like to know how you get by without them. We'd love you all the more for the knowing. You can't all be blessed with eyes of sharp-shooter perfection. 'Taint reasonable.

Tell us, please, how to achieve some degree of smartness with these "off-the-face" hats—minus a wisp of hair to relieve the severity, and not beget the effect of Pierce Arrow headlights.

How to avoid that sinking feeling, when, all dolled up for party, feeling like one of Patou's pet models, then on with the glasses and off with the grand effect!

Misery loves company, so how about an acknowledgement that some of you luminaries are in the same boat?

Ardyce L. Addington

SECOND PRIZE

El Paso, Texas

WE are given the best of entertainment on the feature and comedy pictures, but for my own peace of mind, I would like to know why the newsreel won't give us a little more variety. Something else besides football, baseball games, airplanes taking off and ships being christened.

I have seen and heard Sir Thomas Lipton make the same talk no less than four times. Also it is not an uncommon occurrence that two show-houses feature a different newsreel with identically the same scenes. And yet, this is a big world and things are constantly happening that are just as interesting and educational to the public as those above mentioned.

I think it could be made a feature to anticipate, not dread. And to hush comments such as these: "All right, let's go, we've seen everything but the newsreel and that's just the same old thing!"

Helen Misenhimer

FOR MUSICALS

New York City

"NOBODY loves a theme song," say you. Well, here's somebody who does! I would much rather see a good musical than the best of dramas. I go to the movies, not to weep, not to have my heart-strings torn, but to enjoy myself. Of course, I like drama, too, but give me "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo" and I'll throw away the heavy histrionics.

Of course, there are many reasons why audiences dislike musicals. The most important reason is that there are so few good ones. When William Austin, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis and James Hall are given big singing parts in "Let's Go Native," while Jeanette MacDonald's glorious soprano is wasted on two cheap blues songs, one really can't help staying away from the music. And isn't it too ridiculous, in the same picture, when four moving men who are about to dispossess Miss MacDonald of her piano, stop long enough for her to sing, and for them to join in the chorus? It is this sort of thing which makes the fans swear off singies.

But pictures like "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo" are no ordinary musicals. They are directed with such charm and acted with such finesse that they are a joy to see and hear.

I say, let's have more musicals, but of the Ernst Lubitsch-Maurice Chevalier type!

Pearl A. Katzm

THIRD PRIZE

Wilmington, N. C.

DO you remember the first talking picture you heard and saw and when you returned home the tales of this wonderful invention you told? The success of sound pictures since their introduction proves that silent pictures can never replace them. No other invention has a right to challenge them. For instance, take Ramon Novarro—if he was a star in silent pictures, he has surpassed all that in talkies for you. The editor and general public must admit "never before have movies been so good."

There is no chance of convincing really expert faultfinders that they are wrong. But if you are a movie fan and enjoy pictures, there is absolutely no excuse for knocking the sound pictures.

Romance, love, comedy and adventure flashed on the screen with sound make one glad that one is living in these modern days. If you have a sense of humor and can laugh, see "A Hollywood Theme Song" and you'll forget there ever was a silent picture.

C. T. Rogers

DIETRICH VERSUS GARBO

San Francisco, Calif.

THREE cheers for the flashing, fascinating newcomer from Germany—Marlene Dietrich! In my estimation she does not rival Greta Garbo—she far surpasses her! She is alluring, beautiful, can act and sing and has a charming accent. Her work in "Morocco" and "The Blue Angel" deserves endless praise.

I should like to see her picture brightening the cover of the next issue of SILVER SCREEN and find a story of her life adding to the value of this great movie magazine!

Forrest J. Ackerman

NOT TOO SWEET

Larchmont, N. Y.

ALL the rave about Garbo is for a great actress who not only surpasses those sweet, simple things like June Collyer, Fay Wray and Mary Brian in beauty, but also in talent.

When I go to the movies I want to see something different from the everyday person—I want to see an actress who can display her talent, not a silly, simpering girl, and to see that actress, I go to see the glorious, exotic Greta.

Ann Brown

SILVER SCREEN



**A Booth Tarkington comedy-
drama for the whole family
from sonny to grandpa.**

FATHER'S SON



**LEWIS STONE
IRENE RICH
LEON JANNEY
JOHN HALLIDAY
MICKEY BENNETT
And a lot of great kiddies**

*From the story "Old Fathers and Young Sons", by Booth Tarkington.
Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE*
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"Let's all go to
the movies."

IRENE RICH



If you're the kind of sister who has a demon
kid brother . . .

If you're the kind of brother who still remem-
bers when you were a kid . . .

*Beg, borrow, or steal all the kids you can get hold
of and take them to see this picture. You'll have the
time of your life!*



"I know what I
wanna see."

"Hey, get a move
on, Fatty!"

"Where you all
a-goin' so fast?"

"We're all gonna see
Father's Son!"

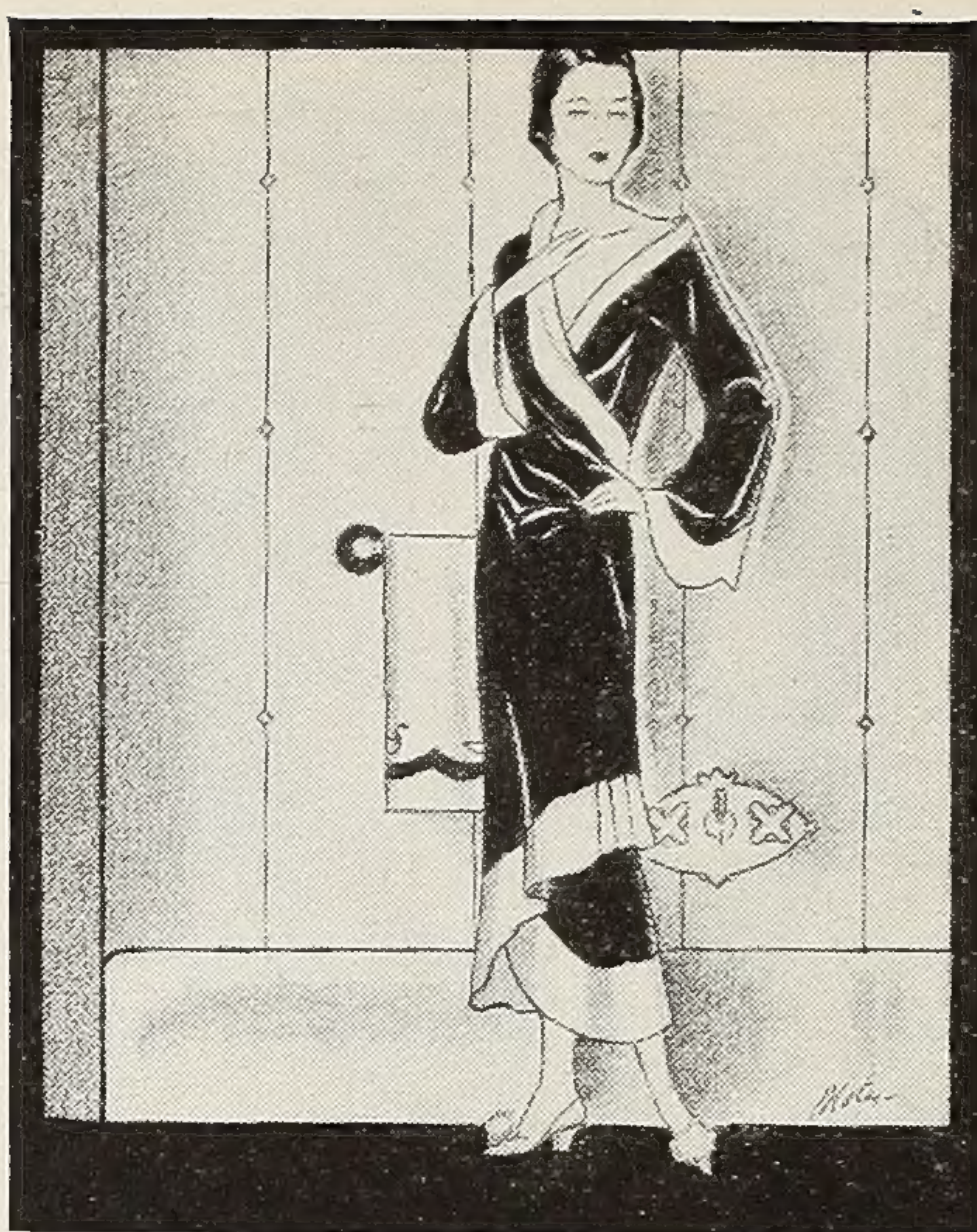


LEWIS STONE

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for APRIL 1931

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Immediate**



with this Soothing Beauty Bath
**** astonishing to fastidious women*

Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin smooth and soft — it leaves an invisible light “coating” of Linit so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. The thin “coating” of Linit that is spread evenly and without excess is so light it cannot possibly stop the normal functioning of the pores.

• • • • • To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's. • • • • •

Doctors who specialize in skin treatment, generally recommend starch from corn (the main ingredient in Linit) for the super-sensitive skin of young babies.

Linit
is sold by your Grocer



**The bathway to a
soft, smooth skin**

ASK ME ANOTHER

By Sally Forth

The chatterer of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer any questions you have about movies or stars or both. Write Sally at Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

BANDY-MANDY: That's right, just step right up and call me Sally! Joan Crawford has glorious auburn hair. And believe it or not, the tresses wave naturally. Some gals have all the luck, don't they?

“Great Day” was scheduled to be Joan's next picture, but it was postponed and she made “Paid” instead. That's the talkie version of “Within the Law,” and it's swell. I saw it the other day, and my eyes have been red ever since, I cried that much.

I've never sold a story to a producer, so I wouldn't know just what the fatal touch is—however, I'll warn you, it's almost impossible to crash through with an original.

Elsie Janis, the Sweetheart of the A. E. F., was one of the most brilliant entertainers of a few years ago. She was in vaudeville, and did more to win the war than any other one person—she sang to the boys over there while the bullets whizzed around her head.

Now, she's technical advisor to various smart motion picture producers, who want to get things exactly right.

As to Ramon Novarro, he's still heart-whole and fancy-free—but have you ever noticed the way he looks at that cute Dorothy Jordan? Of course, I wouldn't gossip—

TRAN: Yes, Lillian Roth played Huguette in “The Vagabond King”—and the poor little thing died in the end. Too bad!

Well, I wouldn't want to say that Clara dyes her hair, but she did have it “touched up” in “Her Wedding Night.” I liked it, though, didn't you?

That favorite picture-stealer, Mitzi Green, is having a hectic love-life on the screens of the country just at present. She plays Jackie Coogan's sweetheart in “Tom Sawyer,” that immortal novel of kid-dom.

DIANE D.: What sweet nothings you say, Diane. But, keep it up, I like it. The song Bert Lytell played in “Brothers” was “I'm Dreaming.” And it was swelegant, wasn't it?

Norma Shearer's next picture is slated to be “Strangers May Kiss,” with Bob Montgomery as her leading man. After that she'll make “A Free Soul.”

IMOGENE ROSS: Thanks for all the kind words, both for myself and Ann. Miss Harding's a swell actress and a beautiful girl—and as nice as she is good-looking. She's under contract to Pathe, so you can write to her there, and enclose a quarter, for her picture.

JUST WAYNE: You're perfectly right—lots and lots of girls wanted to know about Lew Ayres. So, as you no doubt have found out by this time, we started his life-story in the February issue of SILVER SCREEN.

He's under contract to Universal, and was loaned to the other studios for the pictures you mentioned.

Silver Screen's

Movietown Topics

AT LAST IT HAS COME TRUE

CHARLES FARRELL and Virginia Valli are married. SILVER SCREEN got the news from Charlie himself just as we went to press, and it is all very romantic.

It happened at twenty minutes before one o'clock on the night of February 14th, at a minister's cottage in Yonkers, New York. There were only three witnesses: Alice Joyce was with Virginia, and Al Scott and Carlton Hoekstra were with Charlie.

The reason for the hour was that Charlie and Virginia wanted to be married Friday, but remembered it was the 13th. So they waited for midnight and Saint Valentine's day.

This is Charlie's first marriage and Virginia's second. Virginia who is one of the nicest girls in Hollywood, was divorced a long time ago from Demmy Lamson.

They sailed the following Tuesday for a honeymoon abroad, after which Charlie returns to Fox for more starring pictures which will probably not be opposite a little red-haired girl named Gaynor.

* * *

IT'S a boy at the Harold Lloyds. The stork brought him two months before he was expected.

He has been named Harold Lloyd, Jr., in honor of his famous father.

Six years ago, just before his daughter, Gloria, was born, Harold Lloyd bought a string of beads for the lad he was expecting and inscribed them "Harold Lloyd, Jr." The boy turned out to be a girl.

Now the dream of years has come true. A few hours after his newborn son arrived, the proud father tiptoed into the Good Samaritan Hospital with the string of beads in his hand and clasped them around the new baby's neck.

There will now be three children in the Lloyd household, Mildred Gloria, Peggy, an adopted daughter, and the new heir to his father's honors.

Yes, he's an incubator baby. Mrs. Harold Lloyd, formerly Mildred Davis of screen fame, is doing well.

* * *

WHEN Connie Bennett was divorced from Phil Plant, she got a million cold in alimony. She swore she'd earn another million by her own efforts. She seems to be well on the way toward doing so. During her ten weeks' "vacation" from Pathe she'll make two pictures for Warner Brothers, getting \$30,000 a week for her work. She'll work six hours a day, six days a week, which means that she'll be paid \$800 an hour. Not bad for a wage slave!

* * *

THE last curtain has fallen for Alma Rubens. Now that those dark, sorrowing eyes are closed at last, there will be many who will say, "Oh, the pity of it!" But those who know what life meant for Alma Rubens will not sorrow because the quiet fluttering of death's wings brought peace to her at last.

Drugs brought her no beautiful dreams—only dark oblivion. All her life she fought the spell they had over her. Her marriage to Ricardo Cortez went on the rocks. Estranged from her husband, sick in body and soul, she fought a losing fight.

Movie fans treasured in memory the wonderful performance she had given in "Humoresque." They wanted to see her make a comeback as stirring as a triumphal march. But it was not to be.

She fell ill of pneumonia. She fought a game fight against it, not because she wanted to live, but because all her life she had been called upon to fight against the things that held out hope of oblivion.

In spite of fame, in spite of beauty, life had only one gift for her—Death.

[Continued on page 32]



Here's Mary Brian, Hollywood's Glad Girl. Boys like her. Girls like her. Movie producers cry for her. She's at home at Pickfair or in a hot dog wagon. She has beauty. She has brains. And her secret of popularity would make any girl a success anywhere. Read this and learn

The Most

*She's Mary Brian
and She's Got
What It Takes*

By Marquis Busby

SAYING that any girl is the most beautiful, intelligent, popular, best dressed, funniest (or what have you to offer?) in Hollywood is just courting calamity, that's all. Jealousy is not exactly an unknown quantity in this city of gorgeous stucco fronts and unpainted pine backs. There is always someone fairly itching to contest someone else's place in the industry.

If I should come out boldly and state that Lilyan Tashman was the best dressed woman in pictures, I should fully expect to get a tarantula in the mail from Norma Shearer, Natalie Moorhead, or Constance Bennett.

If I should place the crown of beauty on the neat locks of, say, Loretta Young, I'd expect a tar-and-feather party from militant admirers of Garbo, Corinne Griffith, Dolores Del Rio and all the rest of the celluloid beauties.

Making an absolute statement of this sort is like waving your pa's red flannel undershirt in front of a he-man cow. If you feel reckless, say it quick, and run like—well, run fast. That's just what I'm going to do. I'm young yet and there's a lot I want to see before I die.

I'm going to name the most popular girl in Hollywood.

It's Mary Brian. Now try and catch me.

That statement is made after a thorough and honest canvass of the movie village. I've read society columns until I feel like a walking edition of the Blue Book. I've talked to more people than a Tammany political candidate. Mary, the pride and joy of the sovereign state of Texas, romps in at the head of the field.

She gets the most invitations. She has been rumored engaged more times than Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Henry VIII. The boys like her. The girls like her. Babies cry for her. She's a good listener, and she has learned the art of being an interesting conversationalist. She is sweet and modest and as famous as the Atlantic Ocean. She's the most popular girl in Hollywood.

June Collyer, having many of the pleasing qualities which make Mary so well liked in the social sets of the Colony, runs a close second. She is nosed out by being a bit too poised and dignified. A lot of the youngsters like Anita Page, but Anita's mamma is always Johnny-on-the-spot. No girl can

Popular Girl in Hollywood

be a social wow with a chaperone hovering in the background. Constance Bennett goes about a great deal with the ultra-sophisticated set. The coldness of the Bennett girls prevents them from receiving any widespread social acclaim. Mary Duncan, Margaret Livingston and Aileen Pringle are popular with the men, but just ask the gals. Joan Crawford has trimmed down her circle until it consists chiefly of one Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Greta Garbo is just a rumor as far as Hollywood society is concerned, and Clara Bow entertains football teams.

No, Mary Brian is the answer to "Who Is the Most Popular Girl In Hollywood?" If she lived in New York, New Orleans or San Francisco she would be the reigning debutante of the season. She's got what it takes.

Mary Brian's popularity is not confined to any one set in the picture colony. It is not even confined to picture people. She says herself that she is a free-lance. Mary is the belle of the Sigma Chi dances on the campus of the University of Southern California. She caused more havoc as guest of honor at the dance given for the Notre Dame football team than the Army and Northwestern elevens combined. She goes to teas and luncheons where only girls are invited. She knows how to award a cup to the best dancing couple, or to the healthiest baby.

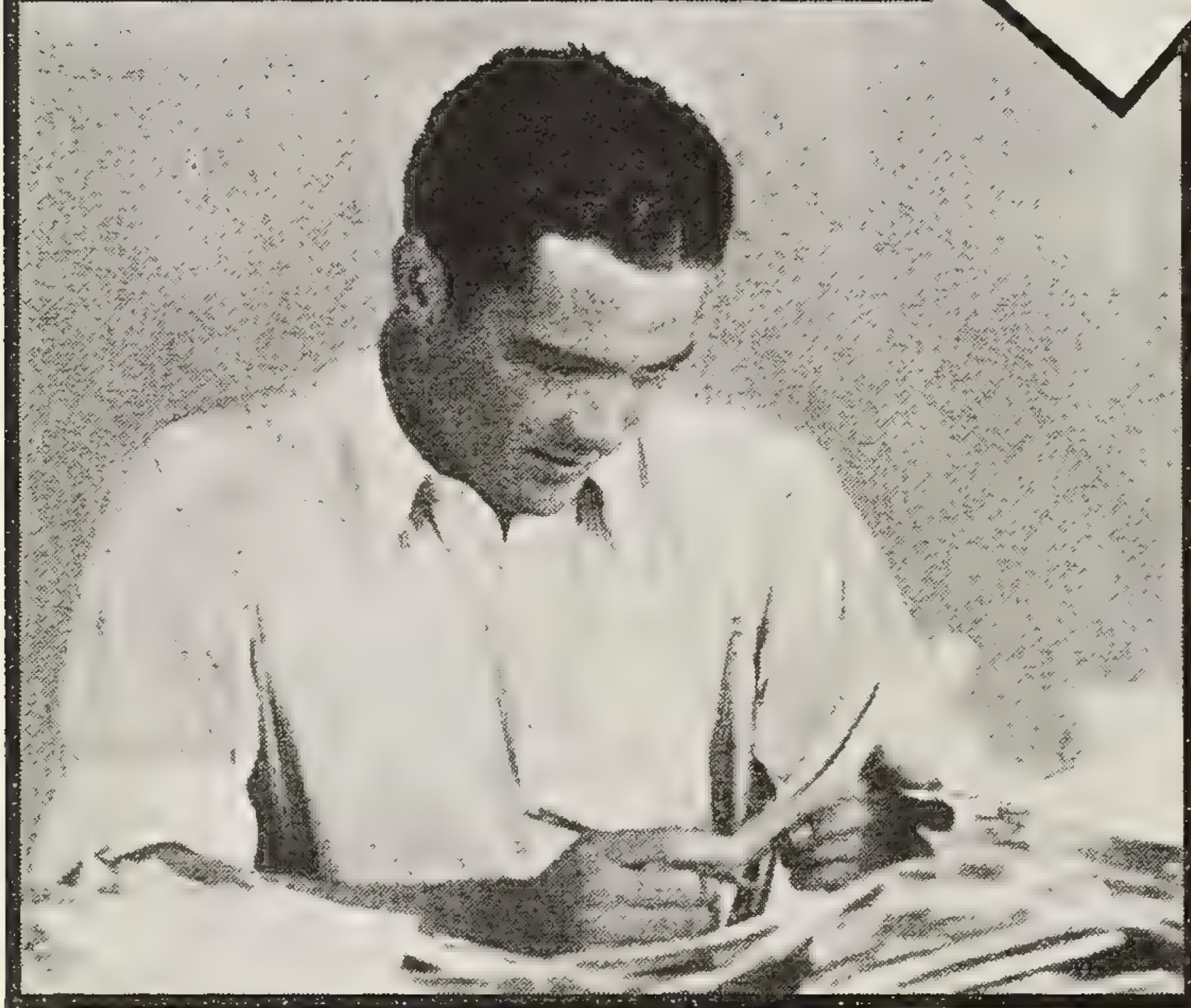
Pickfair, the lordly mansion of Doug and Mary, sitting atop its own exclusive hill, is the admitted social stronghold of Hollywood. To be invited there is "arriving" with a flourish into the ranks of the best people, m'deah. Mary has a prominent place near the top of the Pickfair "must" list. She is a frequent guest at Mary Pickford's beach house, and she goes often with the first family of filmdom to the Mayfair dinner dances.

A member of the executive board of Mayfair tells me that Mary goes to those elegant whoopee affairs in more different parties than anybody in Hollywood. Sometimes she is with the Schulbergs, the royal nabob of Paramount's western studios. Sometimes she is with Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers. Sometimes she is with Arthur and Florence Lake, William Bakewell, and young Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ince.

Mary's boy friends have been legion. She has been rumored engaged to Charles Rogers, Rudy Vallee, Phil Holmes, "Biff" Hoffman, the Stanford football star, and several others who have slipped my mind. Arthur Lake and Billy Bakewell were noted to be "that way" about Mary, but they were much too young to be taken seriously. Right now Jack Oakie seems to have the inside track. Since he has been stepping out with Mary, he gets all spruced up like old man Hart Schaffner Marx himself. I used to think that all Jack had in his personal wardrobe was a pair of dirty white flannels [Continued on page 58]



Mary has been engaged a dozen times but right now Jack Oakie, above, seems to be head man. Still Mary goes to openings with Joe Mankiewicz, a mere writer, as illustrated in the ermine-and-gardenia grouping. In fact, the only time Mary's ever alone is when she's posing for pictures



The TRUTH

The Lowdown on Your Letters to the Stars, the Names of the Stars Who Get the Most Letters, the Stars Who Answer the Most, and the Stars Who Don't Answer at All

Buddy Rogers averages about two thousand letters a month. Clara Bow received the tiniest letter, addressed merely to "It". Mary Brian got one with only her picture on it (the post-office did the rest). Louise Fazenda answers and keeps every letter sent her

FAN MAIL is a funny thing—to some stars, it's a treasure; to others, one of life's nuisances. Yet, everyone in pictures, from bit player to dazzling star, receives a certain quota of letters.

Writing to one's favorites has long been the leading indoor sport of America and about every other place on earth. Letters swirl into Hollywood in one long stream, never letting up. In fact, if all the money expended on paper, envelopes and stamps were totalled, the result would more than keep Al Capone in machine guns for the rest of his life. Fact!

You all know that the players who receive a large volume of mail employ secretaries. But a few of you have the impression that said secretaries never let a single letter you write to your favorites get to them. That isn't so.

Joan Crawford's secretary reads her mail and turns over to Joan every letter she thinks she would enjoy reading. Joan personally answers many of the letters. Norma Shearer reads all her own mail. It is delivered to her home and she reads the letters at her leisure, answering many personally and referring the others to her secretary for answering.

Marie Dressler, Robert Montgomery, Anita Page, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel read personally their entire stacks of fan mail, answering numerous

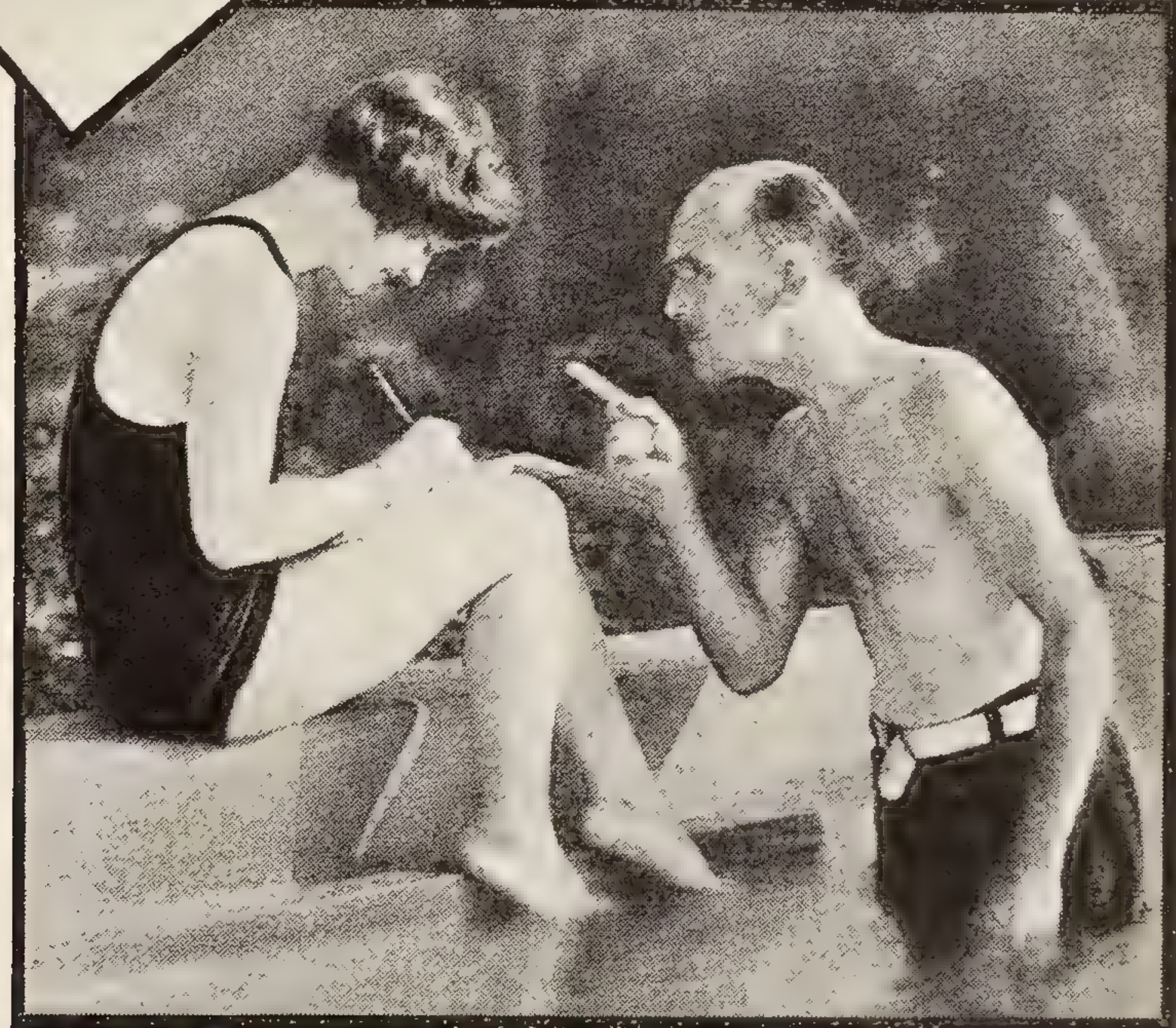
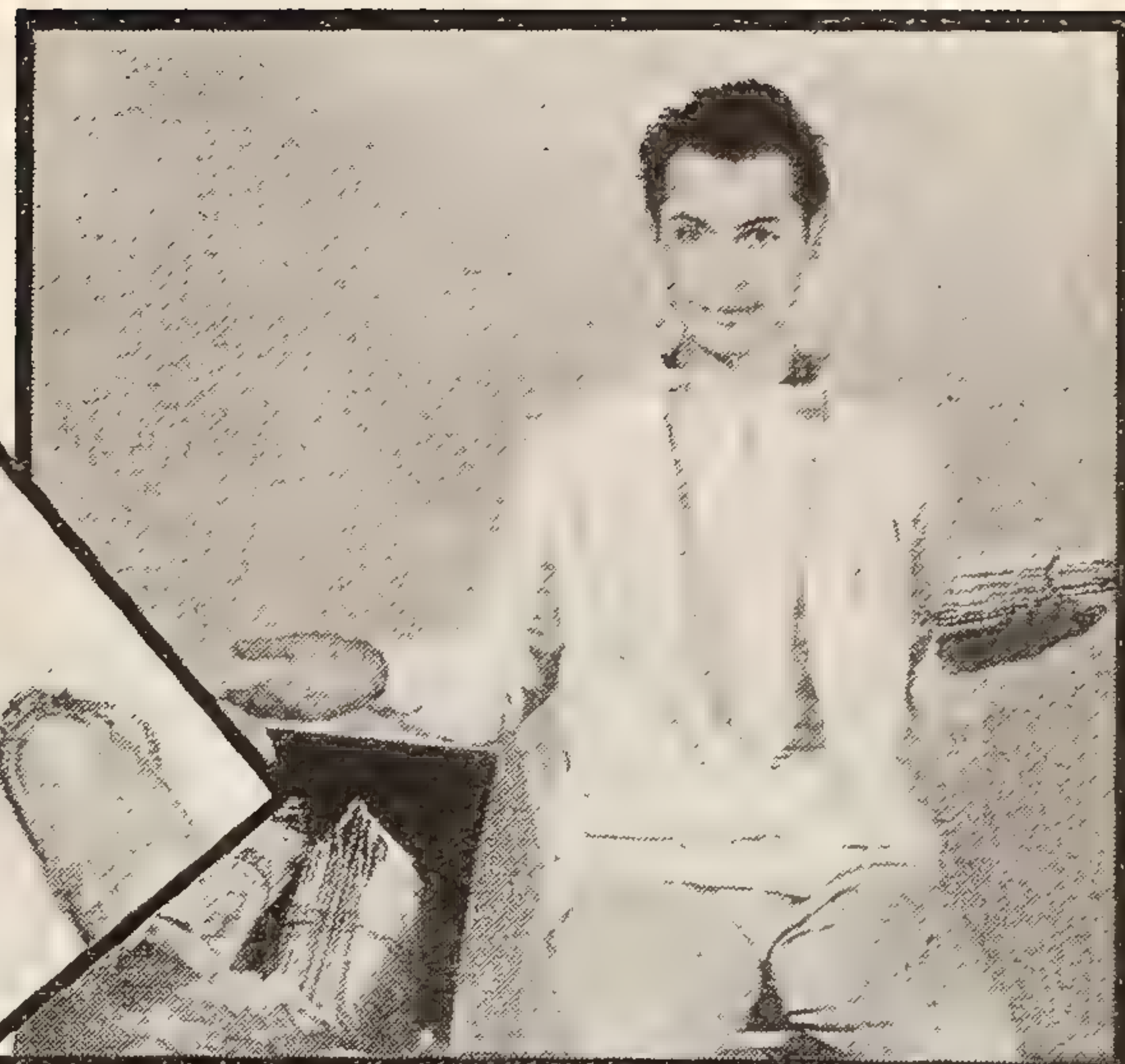
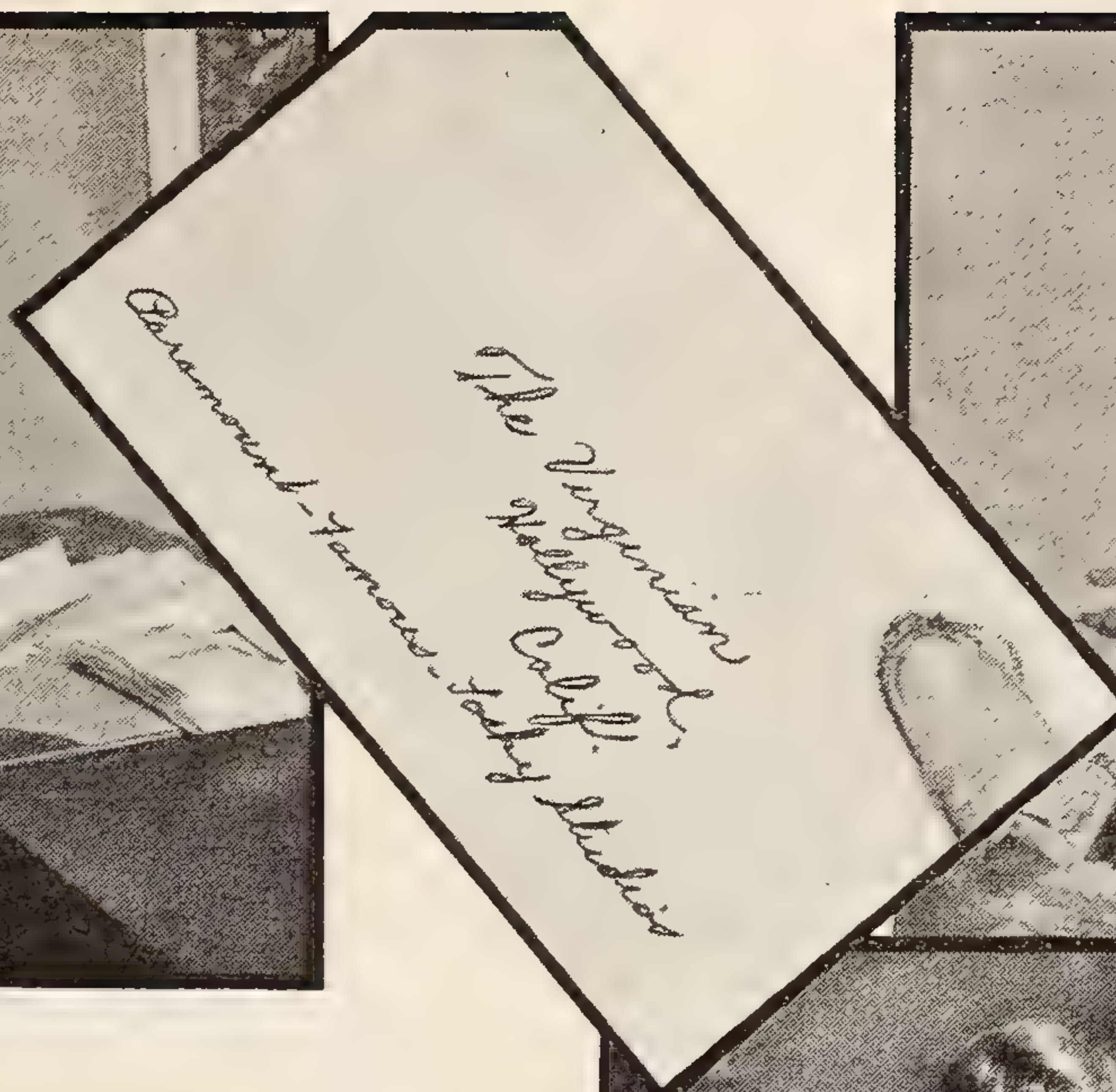
letters themselves and referring those of a general nature to their secretaries. George Arliss, too, is meticulous about acknowledging his mail and frequently pens replies himself.

James Gleason, without a doubt, has the most unique method of answering fan mail. He dictates the notes to his secretary in between swims in the pool in his garden. This gives him a chance, so he says, to think up good replies as he does a high dive or the Australian crawl.

Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Ramon Novarro, George O'Brien, Richard Arlen, Estelle Taylor, Louise Dresser, Richard Dix, Ruth Roland, Ben Bard, Dorothy Lee, Stanley Smith and Jack Oakie are others who take a keen interest in their mail and answer many letters personally.

In the amount of letters she receives per month, Clara Bow leads Hollywood. More than a million persons all over the world have written her! She has been getting on an average 15,000 to 25,000 letters every month since she made her first starring success in "It." Postal clerks handle Clara's mail just as they would handle mail for a small town. Her 700 or so letters a day arrive at the studio in neat bundles with printed labels furnished by the post-office department.

The Bow's nearest competitor is Garbo. She receives slightly less mail than Clara. And, contrary to printed reports, she does not completely ignore her mail. In fact, she reads much of it. The letters are delivered to her dressing room and piled on a huge desk until she can find time to look them over. She NEVER does answer a letter, but she really enjoys reading them. Her mail is largely from married women who ask her about men and life, marriage and love, and who try to discover the secrets



ABOUT FAN MAIL

By

Gordon R. Silver

of her allure and mystery. She also receives many letters from young girls and from fans of both sexes who admire her more or less impersonally.

For five years Ramon Novarro has held the fan mail record for men, his weekly average being slightly over 4,000 letters. These come from all classes—from romantic youth and from serious maturity. He gets much mail from religiously devout persons who have read of his devotion to his church.

Fan mail of the players varies considerably with the parts they play. After the release of a particularly good picture, the mail of the star and players will jump by leaps and bounds for a few months as the film is shown in various sections of the country.

One of the amazing examples of sudden rise in popularity as evidenced by the receipt of fan mail is the case of Robert Montgomery. From a totally unknown player less than two years ago when he made his first screen appearance in "So This Is College?" Bob's mail has increased until today he is second only to Novarro in the number of letters received.

Fan mail is a fairly accurate gauge of popularity. Yet it does not always seriously affect a player's position. This is borne out by the fact that John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Marian Nixon, Charles Chaplin and Tom Mix pay practically no attention to their mail, yet they are all successful. Arthur Lake, David Rollins and several young players seldom send a picture or answer a letter unless a quarter and a stamp are enclosed.

On the other hand, there are cases where fan mail has affected a player's position materially. Mary Brian might not have been the popular player she is today if it hadn't

Jimmie Gleason dictates replies to fan mail while swimming. Bob Montgomery is one of the leading mail men of movietown. The post-office, quite properly, delivered a letter addressed to "The Virginian" to Gary Cooper. Warner Baxter writes replies to all his fans

been for her fans. Why? Because Paramount was just about to let her go without renewing her contract when officials noticed the huge increase in her mail.

P.S. Mary stayed on, signing a new contract at a very substantial raise in salary!

A few players save every fan letter they get.

Louise Fazenda laughs when she says she has never thrown away even one letter! But it's a serious thing so far as "housing" is concerned—her attic is filled with letters—stacks, boxes, shelves and packages of them! The interesting thing is that Louise answers all and some of them run into eight pages. Her correspondence extends all over the world. One girl who wrote to her for years came to Hollywood one summer and Louise took her with her to Alaska on a vacation! Her Christmas card list of 500 is comprised almost entirely of fans who have been writing to her and receiving letters from her for half a dozen years. Louise has no set time for writing. Usually, she takes a box of letters to the studio where she is working and answers them on the set between scenes or in her dressing room. In her home she has a small office fitted up with a typewriter and supplies. She spends many evenings here, getting caught up with her correspondence.

Carmel Myers keeps all her mail, too. In fact, she says she thinks it very bad luck to throw away as much as one fan letter! Carmel answers most of [Continued on page 60]

Women Don't Understand Themselves

George Bancroft Lectures—
and Likes—the Ladies

By DORA ALBERT



He's a big burly man with leonine shoulders, but a kindly gentle manner. Though on the screen he's a tough, hard-boiled guy, in actuality he's as soft-boiled as a shirt that's just come out of the wash. He's got friendly blue eyes and rather nice brown hair. When he talks about himself at all, he shows that he has no illusions about his personal beauty. He's fond of calling himself "that homely mug." Men whom he likes he addresses as "honey boy;" women he calls "dear" but in a vague sort of way.

His mind works faster than his tongue. He's one of your big silent men, who probably finds it painfully hard to express himself. Interviewers find it hard to follow him. He's essentially the kind of man who does things rather than the kind who talks about them. But when he does speak, almost everything he says is colored by a deep vein of sentiment.

"One thing some women don't understand about themselves," he said, "is that they ought not to bat their heads against a stone wall in trying to win a man. Often a woman tries to get the fellow who is not for her when all the time there's some nice fellow who loves her and is sincere but to whom she won't pay any attention. 'But no,' she says stubbornly, 'this other guy doesn't love me. Well, I'll show him! I'll make him pay some attention to me.'"

The woman who tries to win the wrong man, according to George Bancroft, is in much the same position as the heroine, Emma, in the play "Paid in Full."

"There were two men," he explained, "who made love to Emma. One was a big homely guy like me but with a nice soul. [Continued on page 64]"

WOMEN understand men a darn sight better than they understand themselves.

At least, that's what George Bancroft says, and he ought to know, for he's been knocking around the world ever since the age of two months when a baby was needed by the Forepaugh Stock Company of Philadelphia and he got the job.

When he was fourteen he joined the navy and saw the world and he's been around the globe three times since. So he knows the laws of human nature.

But when I asked him about the things women should know about men, he protested.

"Why, I'm a babe in arms in my knowledge of men compared to what every woman knows. When women go out into the world, their only protection is their knowledge of human beings, particularly of men. If only they understood themselves as well as they understand men!"

"Well, what is it," I asked, "that women don't understand about themselves?"

George Bancroft leaned back in his chair in his dressing room, his huge brow wrinkled in thought.

Here's Mrs. Bancroft with George. She looks as though she understood a lot of things, including the Big Boy himself





SHE PACKS A WALLOP

*Dorothy Lee Has Muscled
Her Way Into Stardom*

By

JOHN BYRON

DOROTHY LEE just reaches the five foot mark, but she picked up a football and booted it to the roof of one of the sound stages on the Radio Pictures lot.

Howard Jones, who turns out championship football teams at the University of Southern California, scratched his head in puzzled wonder. He might have said something that would have expressed his astonishment, but then there was a lady present. Old-fashioned courtesy does pop up once in a while, even in Hollywood.

Booting the stuffin' out of a pigskin is just the beginning of Dorothy Lee's accomplishments. There is more energy in that small, dainty package than in a truck-load of dynamite. I'm convinced that Dorothy could start the day in company with six strapping fellows, and by noon an ambulance would be carting them off to a rest home. Dorothy would just be getting "warmed up" and complaining of the lack of exercise.

If she puts half as much energy in her motion picture career that she does in her athletic pursuits she will be the greatest star on the screen. I'd like to see Ruth Chatterton boot a football.

When Dorothy finished "Assorted Nuts" in support of those funny fellows, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, her doctor informed her that her appendix should be removed. He told her if she went away and had a complete rest for two weeks the operation might possibly be avoided.

I saw Dorothy when she had returned from Palm Springs, and the rest cure.



She's a gay deceiver, little Dorothy Lee. She looks young and weak. She's actually five feet and ninety pounds of concentrated dynamite—and does she get what she wants, *does* she? Ask RKO who's starring her

"Well," I began, "did you have a nice rest?"

"Oh, it was all right," she answered. "I rode horseback, and played tennis and golf for four days. It was pretty dull, though, so I came home."

And that, as a preventative for an attack of appendicitis, is as original a treatment as one can imagine. However, the appendix is still an integral part of Dorothy, and not among her doctor's souvenirs.

This small, and anything but ineffectual, youngster of nineteen is one of the few stars claiming Los Angeles as the home town. She is an only child, and her playmates were all boys. She had to make good at those rough and ready games of male adolescents or stay at home and twiddle her thumbs. And she didn't care about thumb-twiddling.

When she was entering her 'teens she was able to chin herself goodness knows how many times; she could climb trees like Ingagi, "skin-the-cat," throw a baseball as well as any boy, and run like Charley Paddock. I don't know, but maybe she could even spit through her teeth. Do you suppose for a moment that Greta Garbo or Norma Shearer could do any of those things?

There are marks remaining from that active childhood. Once, while she was "skinning-the-cat," she fell on her nose. The fall not only altered the shape of that member (it's really most provocative now), but she has a bump on her tongue as well.

She likes tennis, golf, swimming, riding, hiking and dancing, but her favorite sport is lacrosse. There is nothing pink-tea about lacrosse, and Dorothy was once a member of a championship team. She still has the newspaper stories, with a picture of

one of the games. You can't see Dorothy very plainly, since some hefty damsel appears to have sat down for a good rest. There's nothing wrong in that, only she seems to be sitting on Dorothy. However, Dorothy was the star of the team according to [Continued on page 55]



Hats will be wider-brimmed this spring but just as "off-the-face" as ever. Helen illustrates in a hat of black and white straw

This gown is the new pompadore print on black moire. It has a short bolero jacket and a big bow at the back of the neck



Helen's a rhapsody in blue in this evening gown of blue pastel crepe with a short matching coat bordered in blue fox. This evening ensemble effect is very chic

This revealing hat is of black shiny rough straw with a scarlet pompon nestled close to Helen's left ear as its only trimming

HELEN TWELVETREES

Goes Shopping on Fifth Avenue

(It was at the very swagger Bergdorf-Goodman shop, if you must know)



Clarence Sinclair Burton

GRETA GARBO

ONE month we went to press without a picture or a story of Garbo. And the letters we got! We herewith apologize. We didn't mean it. We think Garbo is the greatest, grandest, most transcendental actress in the whole world, and just to prove it we give you this picture of *Our Weakness* as she really is - a charming young girl with laughing eyes, but whose genius will not let her rest

SIDNEY
FOX

A CLEVER little Fox with two dumb bunnies, registering Easter just for SILVER SCREEN. Sidney Fox is another Cinderella. At nineteen she has been a stenographer, a lovelorn adviser and a player in a stock company. Carl Laemmle, Jr., discovered her in a Broadway play. You'll see her first in "Gambling Daughters"

Ray Jones



HELEN
TWELVETREES

and

ROBERT AMES

DOESN'T Helen Twelvetrees look beautiful and seductive as Millie, the red-headed good girl who loved the wrong men? That's Robert Ames manhandling her and together he and Helen register some big, bad moments. It's wise of little Helen to shake off that "second Gish" label. Pure frail Lillian never played scenes like this

Bachrach





CHARLES
ROGERS

ABOUT all Paramount has done for our Buddy lately is give him a boiled-shirt first name. But here's the lad, back from Europe, sitting on top of the world—or is it a wicker table? We hope he gets down to some good work and that he gets some pictures with a dash of plot thrown in. No "Hamlets," thank you, but a real part for a swell guy who's there with the personality



Hurrell

YOU have seen Ramon Novarro as the romantic hero who wins women with his fervent love making. But here is the off-screen Ramon—a boy who in spite of blazing eyes and romantic mien—cares more for the love game in tennis than for the love game in life. No wonder he causes so much heartache among the women in his newest picture, "Daybreak!"

R A M O N
N O V A R R O



BEN LYON
and
BEBE DANIELS

IN HOLLYWOOD where love is an interlude and marriage a dangerous pastime, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are happy exceptions. The only time these newlyweds separate is when they have to play in different pictures. Bebe is now working on "Maltese Falcon," and Ben will cause Gloria Swanson to be oh, so "Indiscreet"

Fryer



RUTH
CHATTERTON

WAITING on the set, back among the grips and props, (that's studio slang for knick-knacks) Ruth Chatterton stands, poised and lovely. And why not? After "Unfaithful" and three other pictures for Paramount, she'll go to Warner's at a colossal salary. Ruth has more than youth, which can fade, more than beauty, which can perish—she has talent which "time cannot wither nor custom stale"



NANCY
CARROLL

BEHIND that baby face lies grit and determination. There's intelligence in the depths of those blue eyes. Nancy was always cast for cutie roles. She rebelled. She got the role she wanted in "Stolen Heaven." On the opposite page Radie Harris tells what Nancy is really like in private life.

PORTRAIT *of a* **RISING STAR**

*Sure, it's Nancy Carroll,
 the Grandest Irish Girl
 Who Ever Came from a
 French and Dutch Family*

By

Radie Harris



Nancy gets her own way, even to choosing the stories and leading men she wants. This is Phillips Holmes with her in "Stolen Heaven"

POPPIES in a jade bowl—dancing eyes and an awesome dignity—a medley of Gershwin

—syncopated—that's Nancy Carroll, star of "Laughter."

Her hair is red. Pure and unadulterated. She looks more Irish than anyone to be found in the length and breadth of the Emerald Isle. Yet her real name is LaHiff, of French and Dutch extraction.

Tenth Avenue quickened her. 'Tis said she could cross it quicker than any kid her age. She could. And still does.

She is like a dynamo. So is her baby, aged five. If you want her to weep, talk about Patricia. If you want her inspired, talk about her husband, Jack Kirkland. He is a writer and a clever one. No one knows it better than Nancy.

Acting comes as easy to her as breathing. Give her two pages of lines two minutes before a scene and she knows them verbatim. She knows, too, just how she wants to play the scene and just what she wants to wear playing it.

If a director gets on the wrong side of her, she will flare up and tell him to Go Places and Do Things. If that leads to a higher official being cross with her, she will tell him to go Further Places and do More Things. If the entire organization rise on their legs to try and crush the Carroll spirit to bring her in line—and they have—she has been known to stand outside the studio and invite it to go even Further Places and do even More Things.

One wardrobe mistress adores her. The rest maintain a discreet silence. They make her frocks one way and she calmly tears them and has them remade the way she wants. The wastebaskets in every wardrobe room are full of garments torn to shreds by Nancy Carroll—not torn violently, but quietly, patiently as she explains what she wants. Invariably, she gets it—because, invariably, she is right. And when she is right, she is righter than anything you can find!

She is a book for all moods, but whatever the mood, you can be sure it has steam. In her depressions, she hides like a cat who has hurt itself. In her gaiety, she sparkles like Burgundy and is more scintillating than a Lonsdale epigram. Her husband, who has lived with her for six

years, confesses that he doesn't know her any better now than the day he married her. He adds that he has never been bored for a single moment.

She has always been indefatigable in her ambition to succeed. When she was forced to leave school at an early age to earn her own living, not once did she flounder in a sea of indecision. Instead, she adopted as her motto that little nursery jingle, "Good, better, best—never let it rest—until the good is better and the better best." Which explains why she has excelled in everything she has ever undertaken—stenographer, chorus girl, reporter, actress, wife and mother. Were she to abandon her career tomorrow she could start fertilizing the Sahara Desert and succeed at it!

She agrees with Aurelius that "all is ephemeral—fame and the famous as well." So she doesn't spend her weekly salary check on pink-stuccoed bungalows, green-tiled swimming pools, silver-plated limousines and all the other accoutrements of a successful star.

She knows that at the present moment, she is riding the crest of the wave. She knows, too, the instability of a screen career. Her name gleams high in electrics now. In five years, the fuse may blow out. And Nancy believes in preparedness.

She is gathering her shekels while she may. Some day, in a not too distant future, she wants to satisfy her tremendous yen for traveling. Then, Patsy must have the education and some of the luxuries that Nancy was deprived of in her childhood. And her parents, Daddy and Mother LaHiff, must always be taken care of.

So Nancy, wise with the wisdom of youth, saves her money.

Until last Spring, when she was transferred to the Paramount Studios in New York, she lived in an unpretentious little house, chosen for its accessibility to the studio. She and husband Jack shared one car—a second-hand Cadillac—and employed one maid. Now that she is to remain in the East for a year, she has leased a furnished apartment overlooking Central Park, chosen for its accessibility to the studio for Nancy and Jack and to the carousels for Patsy.

The second-hand Cadillac has since been replaced by a brand new one of shining blue—to match Nancy's eyes—a Christmas gift from her doting husband. And the maid of all work has an assistant [Continued on page 56]

Hollywood

*And SILVER SCREEN
Presents the First Inter-
view with the Most
Important Babies in the
World, Gathered Hot
From Their Cradles*



WHEN the editor of this magazine assigned me the task of interviewing all the famous new babies in Hollywood I was completely unnerved. I know about as much about new babies as I do about integral calculus. My only qualification for the story was the fact that I once was a baby myself.

After all, even the cleverest questioning won't get any more out of a four months' old infant than a few "goos" and "gahs," and maybe in exceptional cases a "glubsxk." However, I remembered the heroic tale of the "Message to Garcia" and slogans like "The presses must go on"—and I went forth to battle.

Well, I picked the Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor baby first because I know its mama and papa and I thought maybe they'd break me in easy. The first time I saw



Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore (above) aged nine months, is the Crown Princess of the Royal Family of Broadway. The reclining Russian is the son of Olga Baclanova

Eleanor I said briskly, "Well, Eleanor—what do you think? I'm coming up to interview your baby."

"Oh, no you're not!" said Eleanor. "My baby's not for publication. I'm a selfish person and I think it's bad publicity for me."

With the Norma Shearer-Irving Thalberg baby and the Robert Montgomery arrival I ran into two more snags. This business of withholding babies from publication seems to be a Hollywood cult. The angle being that it ruins a star's drawing power in romantic roles if the fans hear too much about the home and kiddies. Personally I think the fans *want* to know about the home life of their favorites even if it includes a baby or two—but then nobody asked me for advice!

A little detective work elicited the information that young Miss Montgomery is

SILVER SCREEN

Puts on Heirs

By

HARRIET
PARSONS

three months and one week old, named Martha Bryan, and very cute. My acquaintance with Master Irving Thalberg, Jr., aged five months, is limited to a miniature on his father's watch-chain. The picture reveals him as an appealing mite with black hair and dark blue eyes.

Somewhat disheartened at the attitude of Hollywood papas and mamas, I telephoned Skeets Gallagher's wife, Pauline. "I suppose your baby isn't open for inspection," I said pessimistically.

"Why not?" answered Pauline. "We're not ashamed of him. Come up any time."

Richard Gallagher, Jr., alias "the Duke," is a diplomat. He grabbed hold of my finger and smiled ingratiatingly. His manner indicated that I was quite the most intriguing person who had ever entered his horizon. Just as I was preening myself on my unusual way with babies, Pauline remarked tactlessly, "The Duke is always fascinated by any new person."

The Duke is five months old and something of a sheik. He has blue eyes, blonde hair with a reddish tint, a gay manner and a cherubic disposition. He received me in a pair of white rompers with a becoming collar and a little colored embroidery—just enough to be decorative but not effeminate. There was also a pocket. He has a very complete wardrobe, including

a miniature blue polo coat, very tailored and sporting, and a pair of Mandarin pajamas with pants about two inches long. The Duke likes the coat but he thinks the pajamas are a little bit nancy.

Young Gallagher visits the doctor once a month to have his diet adjusted. He's being brought up scientifically, but his jolly nurse doesn't bend over backwards about it. She trots the Duke all over the house with her and even takes him down to the garage and lets him sit in the car. He's something of a sensation seeker and his latest thrill

is motoring—even though the car is standing still. A great kid, the Duke. And a marvelous judge of people. Well, didn't he like *me*?

Now with Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown, Joe E. Brown's brand new offspring, I didn't get by so well. It was plain to be seen that the young lady wasn't glad to see me. She was just about to embark on her afternoon airing in a high-powered baby carriage equipped with elegant springs and a brake, [Continued on page 54]

Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown doesn't look like her daddy, Joe E. Brown, which is a break for Mary Elizabeth. But she's got his grand grin. Richard Gallagher, Jr., alias "The Duke," is five months old and already a sheik. The other two people in the picture are merely his parents



How *they* GUARD



Frank Albertson exercises on the beach.
Garbo swims. Eddie Lowe punches the bag

*Pep is Personality.
Health is Beauty.*

SET DOWN as it is in a beautiful sub-tropical clime, Hollywood appears soft and languorous. You'd think that beauty and health came for the asking in that environment. People shouldn't have to diet and exercise to retain that reputation for beauty which has made the film capital famous the world over.

But there is no place under the shining sun where people are more careful of their health. There is no place where such drastic steps are taken to retain strong constitutions, good figures, and the clear brain which goes with the human machine when it's in good working order. The stars work harder than professional athletes to keep fit, and as a result Hollywood is so healthy that it annoys the doctors.

But to keep that way, the stars have to be trained like college football players. These stars work terribly long hours under terrific pressure. I have known cases where companies have worked sixteen and eighteen hours at a time. Delicate looking girls wear a string of beads and a pleasant smile when the temperature is below freezing, and heavy fur coats when the pavements are blistering. Hollywood work is a constant strain on the mind, the nerves and the body. The average person would break under the demands made on these so-called "pampered darlings" of screendom. But the darlings don't dare break.

You see, competition is great in Hollywood. The industry moves at a lightning speed, moves, and laggards are left behind. Brutal it may be, but the weaker ones are sacrificed. This is a big business, and there's no more

sentiment to it than there is in making farm tractors or mining coal. The stars have to keep their health, or they are passed by.

How do they do it?

Hollywood is a colony of health cultists who can't devote much time to physical exercise. The stars have no more time for that than stenographers or clerks. They don't waste the time they do have, however. In addition to simple exercises most of the stars follow a diet. Not a rigid, extreme diet, but a careful one. That craze of harmful diet, which swept the movie coast in 1929 leaving plenty of acidosis in its wake, has died down.

Joan Crawford's figure is much admired. A short time ago, SILVER SCREEN elected her as the Hollywood Venus. Every morning when Joan arises she skips the rope for fifteen minutes. She has orange juice for breakfast, and a cup of hot coffee later when she arrives at the studio. She never touches starches or sweets. When she has the time, she swims and takes long walks.

Joan spends long, gruelling hours at the studio. When she returns home in the evening she often has to take dancing lessons or learn lines for a new picture. That routine, day in and day out, would put most girls in the hospital. Joan has radiant health. She knows how to take care of it.

Both Norma Shearer and Ruth Chatterton supplement their program of exercises with daily massages—thirty minutes of it, after they have finished a day at the studios. It relaxes the body and quiets the nerves. Ruth likes to play golf and tennis, but that frequently has to be sacri-

THEIR HEALTH

By
ALLAN
JORDAN



Janet Gaynor plays ball. Norma Shearer's a water baby. Ramon Novarro plays tennis

Hollywood's Health Practices Prove It

ficed during production. Norma is an enthusiastic swimmer, and she takes a dip in her pool almost every day.

There is nothing exacting about the diets of these stars. Norma eats her heaviest meal in the middle of the day. She has a very light breakfast and luncheon.

Ruth Chatterton works on a schedule of two diets. Diet number one, for production days, includes a substantial breakfast, and non-protein luncheons and dinners. In between picture periods she eats what she likes, excluding pastries and concentrated starches. Not such difficult health formulas, but sensible. Anyone can follow them.

Greta Garbo and Janet Gaynor are firm believers in the strong, life-giving rays of Old Sol. Both of these stars take sun baths every day. Garbo walks miles, and also rides horseback. Janet lives at the beach and goes in for swimming and handball. The Swedish star naturally has a strong body, but Janet Gaynor is very delicate. She must take every measure to guard her health. People see very little of her at any time, and almost never while she is working on a picture. And, of course, I have always insisted that Garbo is just a rumor. You *never* see her. At any rate, both of these stars get plenty of sleep.

Naturally, the men stars go in for more active physical exercise. The women have to be more careful. A muscular woman is not an object of romance. But a man has got to have 'em or the flappers don't get the required number of heart palps.

George O'Brien, for instance, doesn't have time to be sick. Most men could probably have a body like his, if they would only follow his daily formula. It takes will-

power, and it most certainly wouldn't do for a lazy man.

He is out of bed by five o'clock in the morning, and he runs, walks and sprints for an hour. George says the rays of the early morning sun are the most beneficial. After that he has a rubdown and a shower. Then breakfast.

If he isn't working he usually has several rounds of boxing, and often he drops in at the Hollywood Athletic Club for rope skipping, bag punching and general calisthenics.

George is a magnificent swimmer, and since he lives at Malibu Beach the year round, he has plenty of time for this sport—one of the greatest exercises for developing a symmetrical body.

Charles Farrell goes rowing on Taluca Lake, in front of his house, every morning and follows that by a sun bath. In the evening he takes a steam bath and a rubdown. While Charlie is out rowing, his next door neighbor, Richard Arlen, puts on his track "scanties" and sprints through the Walnut groves. Jobyna Ralston Arlen does considerable bicycle riding, old-fashioned but healthful.

Many of the male stars have fully equipped gymnasiums right in their homes. Charles Rogers works out on the parallel bars, wall-exerciser, and with a rowing machine. George Bancroft keeps a trainer who regulates the health of the whole Bancroft family. For concentrated exercise George takes an imaginary canter on a mechanical horse. Buster Keaton has a gymnasium at the studio, and he finds that tumbling keeps his muscles in good condition.

Of course, Douglas Fairbanks [Continued on page 60]



This scene in "The Virtuous Sin" made everything Oh, Kay, with Kenneth MacKenna. And it probably was all right by Miss Francis for she and Ken are now Mr. and Mrs. and oh, so very, very happy. Whisper it—Ken's the third Mr. Francis

A TRAGEDY in Heartbreak Town—

John Johnson, vaudeville actor in his early fifties, was trying the talking picture racket with little success.

Finally, he was called for a job one day—it might have been his big chance.

While he was waiting for a street car to take him to the studio he dropped dead from heart failure.

* * *

HEARTS in Hollywood. Kay Francis is Mrs. MacKenna now. They met in "Virtuous Sin" and were married at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island. A week-end aboard Kenneth's yacht was their honeymoon, for they both had to hurry back to work. . . . Now that he's divorced from Colleen Moore, John McCormick seems to be yearning for her all over again. All Hollywood is a-tiptoe waiting to see if those two will come together again. Though John's betrothed to Mae Clarke, it's confidentially whispered that he'll never get a license to wed her.

Evelyn Laye got a divorce from Sonnie Hale, British actor, naming Jessie Matthews, an actress appearing in the same production as her husband, as co-respondent. Immediately after the divorce Sonnie Hale up and married little Jessie. . . . Add perils of love in the jungle. Mrs. Susette Renaldo wants to collect \$50,000 balimony from Edwina ("Trader Horn") Booth, who gave her husband love, she claims. Edwina says she gave him nothing but advice. She told him to go back to his wife. . . . Estelle Taylor says she will oppose any attempt on Jack Dempsey's part to get into the movies, as she believes husband and wife ought to have separate careers. Her marriage is very much a'-la-Hurst, with meetings every so often and many vacations for both husband and wife. That's their recipe for wedded bliss. . . . Paul Whiteman, "King of Jazz," and his wife, Vanda Hoff, are plotting a divorce. His heart is said to be throbbing for Margaret Livingston, who played in "Big Money" recently.

MORE MOVIE

[Continued



Acme, P. & A.

"Did you ever see a happy Frog?" asked Chevalier as he returned from Europe with Madame Chevalier. "Well, look at me." But why shouldn't Maurice be gay, with a big movie contract, a big radio broadcast contract and an increasingly big public?

TOM MIX will have to pay \$90,000 damages to Zack T. Miller, circus owner, who claims that the cowboy actor promised to go with the 101 Ranch circus which Miller runs. The award was made by a court in Erie, Pa. Tom Mix says he will appeal the verdict. Tom is a heavy loser these days. First he lost his horse, then his wife, and now his money.

* * *

Huntley Gordon, once a popular leading man, went into the silk hose business some months ago, but didn't do so well.

He's broke.

* * *

DON'T talk too loud in Hollywood, where even the walls have ears. "The Film Daily" lets us in on this one. Harry Bannister bragged about how well his wife, Ann Harding, could cook. He said she was so swell he'd probably have to fire the cook. The cook heard and got on her high horse. She quit. And now Ann Harding realizes that there really is a servant problem in Hollywood.

TOWN TOPICS

from page 11]



Acme, P. & A

Well, pretty blonde Josephine is un-Dunn these days and here's the cause of it all. His name is Clyde E. Greathouse; he's a Los Angeles oil operator and he and little Jo signed each other up for life early in January. At least, we hope it's for life

KENNETH HARLAN is doing double duty—during the daylight hours he appears in pictures and by night he runs his Pom Pom Night Club which is featuring a slightly undressed chorus.

The tourists are going for the idea in a big way.

* * *

Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) has finally got his marital troubles settled and Lloyd Hamilton, whose ex-better half was asking \$27,000 back alimony, finally agreed to take \$15,000 and be happy.

* * *

THIS is a story of how tears came at last to the eyes of Jack Oakie.

It was during the filming of Oakie's "The Gang Buster." A tear gas bomb was used in police raid sequences.

Oakie wept. And how!

* * *

Frances McCoy, petite Fox actress, will hear the wedding bells ring out with Chuck Howard, son of a wealthy New York merchant.



The fresh part of the "Skippy" troupe, Mr. Jackie Searl, who was such a hit in "Finn and Hattie" and "Tom Sawyer." "Skippy" is going to be an all-kid production, with Mr. Searl, Mitzi Green, Jackie Cooper, and Jackie Coogan's baby brother, Robert

WORK on "Svengali" was held up because John Barrymore was ill. He suffered from jungle fever this fall. Everything the Barrymores do is picturesque. Even when they fall ill it's never an ordinary illness.

* * *

TAYLOR HOLMES was in an uproar the other day. Some lazy water pipes broke while everyone was out of the house—and, well you've seen these comic plumbing situations.

Taylor's house resembled a Mack Sennett study in water.

Some valuable manuscripts were ruined.

* * *

ESTHER RALSTON was making a grand comeback on the screen, but no motion picture producer can tempt her now. She's following Norma Shearer's example in temporarily retiring from the screen. The stork is pretty busy right now, but he's promised to pay Esther Ralston (Mrs. George Webb) a visit in June. Esther and George will make a trip abroad in the meanwhile.

* * *

William "Buster" Collier, Jr., and Marie Prevost are going around together again. It's an old romance—probably just re-blossoming for spring.

* * *

William (Stage) Boyd is taking Addie McPhail, comedy leading lady, around town and to theaters and things.

* * *

GORDON KAHN, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer writer, parked his car in front of his home, stepped out on the sidewalk and faced a nice, shiny six-shooter.

He walked right back into the house—but minus his cash and watch.

[Continued on page 52]

The BURN-UP

By the
HOLLYWOOD
INSIDER

Illustration

by

OSCAR HOWARD



LOVE has caused a lot of funny things to happen since this silly old world got itself started way back in the Garden of Eden. Wars and murders and one-minute-to-play-goals-for-dear-old-Hillcrest. . . . In yesteryear times before knighthood withered on the stalk a man stricken with love would start a seven year war with Troy, or batter down a few of King Arthur's turrets, or go for a boat ride with Cleopatra. But I never heard of love causing a residential section to burn down before. But that's the Hollywood way of it—blaze or nothing—and this is a Hollywood love story.

I guess you read in the papers about the six homes of six movie stars burning at one fell swoop at Ferguson's Beach. I bet you read with interest the description of Dolores Delight's pajamas as she dashed from her flaming boudoir—and then thought no more about it.

But what a thrilling story there was back of that fire! No one seemed to know exactly how it started. Six mounds of ashes—the price of a woman's honor. But after all what's a few houses compared to the indomitable spirit of a girl who defied life to break her? Let's do a cut-back.

I first met Julie Crandall (Julie O'Neill she was then) in Mike's Hot Spot up in Harlem, which is one of the places in New York where you most certainly don't want to meet anyone. Of all the low dives—well, it's the kind of place where they do the "tease" dance. You can just imagine what kind of riffraff wanders in there. At that time I was a reporter on a New York newspaper and wanted to see Types so I could write a book. That's as good an excuse as any I can give for dropping in at Mike's Hot Spot.

The hardest looking dames in the world can be found in that honky tonk. Not a one of them looked as if she'd ever had a mother. But one night in that gang I saw the sweetest looking kid I've ever seen—and I've

seen Mary Pickford and Jackie Coogan. She looked about eighteen (I learned later that she was sixteen) and there wasn't an awkward movement to her entire body, though it was easy to see she'd never had a dancing lesson. A nice kid from the country, you'd think looking at her fresh graceful body, but when you looked at her eyes—oh, boy—what a shock! They were the eyes of a woman of thirty who knows too well the pitiless cruelty of life, who has felt the cold kiss of poverty. In those large green-gray eyes of Julie Crandall you could read strange stories—but I guess I was the only one in the Hot Spot that night who looked at Julie's eyes.

As I watched her go through the routine of a dance I felt that the air was being polluted by something unclean. And sure enough there was Al Shoeman sitting at the table next to mine and gazing at that poor kid as a cat does at a bird. There was a lot of dirty gossip going the rounds about Al Shoeman and his racket. He makes his living peddling moving pictures—but not the kind you are ever likely to see.

Mike did his own serving in those days before Park

*A*NOTHER in the Series of Hollywood's True Love Stories, Which

*Proves that a
Good Fire Can
Burn up Lots
of Things—
Including a
Girl's Past*



"I've got a surprise, a bootleg movie," cried Lucille La Varr to the crowd. And beautiful Julie Crandall, her agonized eyes on the man she loved, turned white and still, facing ruin

Avenue started trekking to Harlem. As he passed Al's table I heard Al say, "Robbing cradles now, eh, Mike? Where'd you get her?" And he nodded toward Julie.

"That big-mouthed Flora saved her from the river or the gas jet and brought her here. She's too frail for this game. She'll crack."

Al smiled in a way that made me want to slug him. "Send her over to me, Mike, when the show's over."

A few minutes later Julie came over to Al's table.

"Mike said you wanted to see me," she said in a dull, listless voice.

"Sure, girlie. Sit down. All washed up, eh?"

"Yeah."

"Tried to kill yourself, didn't you?"

"Yeah." Julie seemed not to take the least interest in the man at her side. Her eyes were veiled by her long

lashes as she languidly traced the red checks on the table cloth.

"You're too pretty for this dump. Why don't you get out? Need the dough?"

"What do you think?" she said in a firm husky voice that one day would thrill millions of fans.

"I think you've got what the public wants," Al said, peering at her with his snake eyes. "How would you like to make some easy money—say five hundred dollars? With half a grand you could put some good food into that body, buy yourself some swell clothes, and crash the gate into the front row of any chorus in this town. How about it, girlie?"

"I'm through with show business," she said dully. "I've fought and struggled to get some place. But it's no use. I'm sunk, see? All I want is to get out of this city—to the country—where the air is fresh—and the trees are green—and I can start life all over again." She broke off suddenly and laughed harshly. "I didn't mean to tell you that. It's none of your business."

"O.K., baby," Al said. "It's all right with me if you don't want to be Ziegfeld's next star. But five hundred dollars will get you back to the cornfields or cotton patches or wherever you aim to go, faster than the pickings in this honky tonk." He shifted his chair closer to hers. "Now listen. I'm an exporter. Here's my card. In this narrow-minded, bigoted country there is no appreciation of Art, so I make motion pictures for foreign release. See? Come to my studio tomorrow at ten. Until then—"

He drained his highball, gave her what might be called a smile, and left.

I had been listening in on that whole conversation. I hated to see that poor starved kid get caught in the coils of Al Shoeman. But what could I do? I didn't have any money but I had a lot of good advice—which nobody wanted, including Julie Crandall. I usually minded my own business except when it was newspaper business, but on my way to the door I stopped for a second at Julie's table.

"I'd like to give you a tip," I said. "Keep away from that snake. He's poison to girls like you."

She didn't even look up. She continued to trace designs on that red-checked table cloth. Well, shoemakers' children shouldn't throw stones—and newspaper reporters shouldn't bake cakes—so I ambled on.

I DIDN'T see Julie Crandall again for nearly two years—but I certainly heard enough about her. She spent the five hundred dollars from her "art work" with Shoeman for clothes; then she got a job in a chorus where she didn't need them. Quickly she became a featured dancer and got rave notices in all the papers. Blase New Yorkers were fascinated by her eager, charming vitality and her high spirits of youth. She was unspoiled, fresh and desirable, and she put her whole soul into everything she did whether she liked it or not.

There was nothing half-way about Julie Crandall. Her Charleston was the "meanest" New York has ever seen. Of course, all the scions of the Best Families started sending in their cards accompanied by orchids, ermine wraps, diamond bracelets, and other little trifles, but according to rumour she didn't specialize—she played the whole field.

As I read in the New York papers (I had become an invaluable yes-man with Superlative Films in Hollywood) of the gay goings on of Julie Crandall I could hardly believe that she was the same little sick kitten that I had seen in Mike's Hot Spot. The kid was certainly getting the breaks.

And then the Big Boss on a visit to New York signed her up for a part in a Superlative picture and Julie Crandall came to Hollywood. Say, did her eyes go over swell in the test they gave her! They made her seem aloof, mysterious and sublimely beautiful—they gave you that stained glass window feeling which you get when you hear Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. But Superlative in its usual manner overlooked those eyes and focussed on Julie's legs. They were exquisite legs, I admit, but I insisted then—and time has proven me a wise guy—that there was more to Julie than a "jazz baby."

Superlative began twenty-four sheeting the kid around

the world and Julie lived up to her publicity. She plunged into the helter skelter gaiety of Hollywood. Men went mad about her and she was seen in every dazzling spot in town with at least a dozen escorts. There was gossip—plenty of it, too.

Julie had been in Hollywood six months before we met. Heaven knows I didn't want to meet her then, but the Big Boss had wished the dirty work off on me. She met me at the door herself and invited me into the sitting room where cocktails were waiting.

"Don't look so tragic," she said gaily. "I'm quite a collector of hard knocks. But do get it over with. Is it true that I'm going to be fired?"

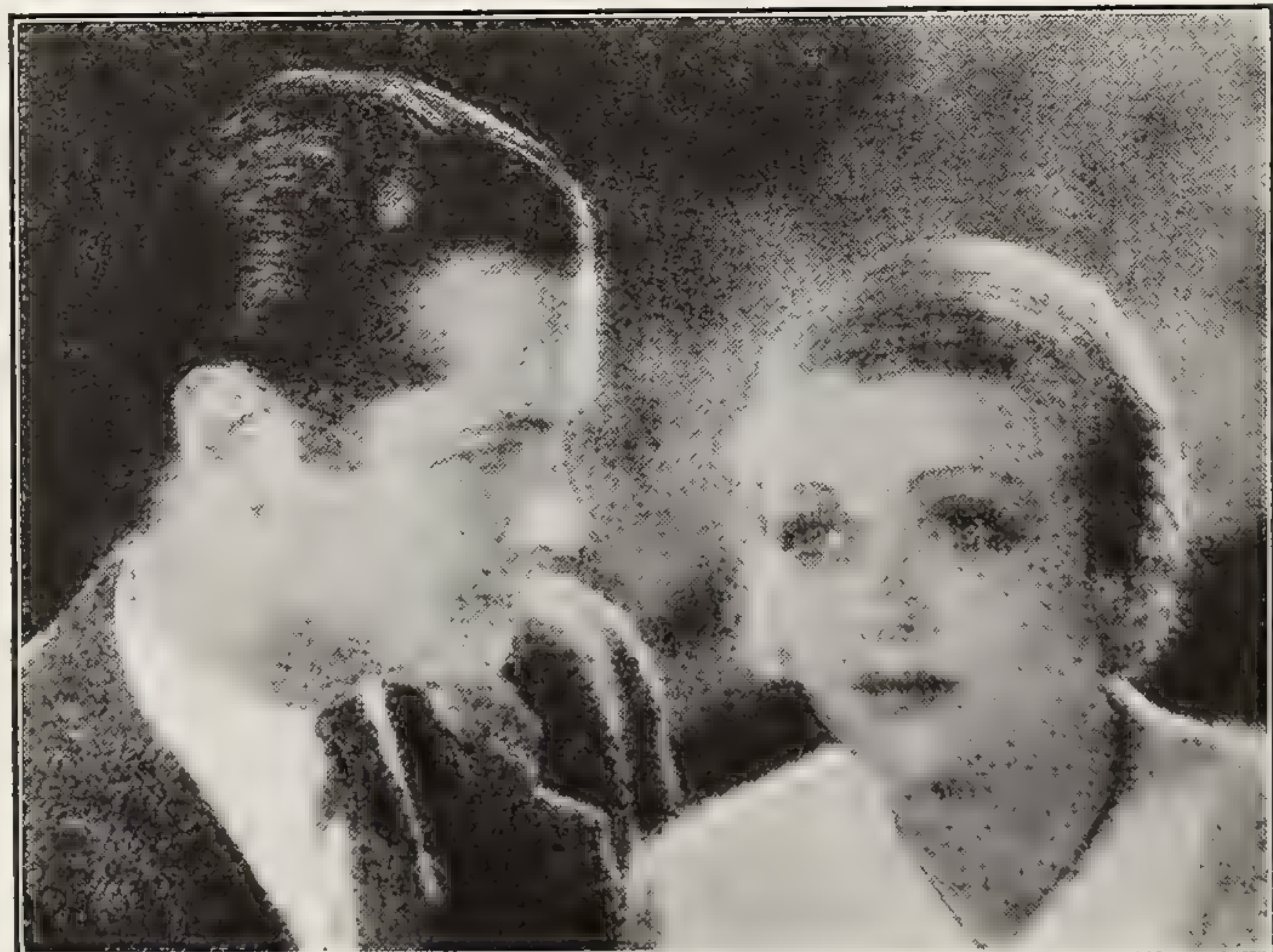
"No," I thundered. "Who started that rumour?"

"Well, according to my informants, the esteemed president of Superlative Pictures started it himself. It seems that this morning he was thinking out loud, and his dear little secretary happened to overhear him, and she just happened to mention it to my maid, warning her not to tell a soul, of course, and within the hour six of my best friends called up to console me."

"Too bad the dear little secretary didn't listen in on the entire conversation," I growled. "The honest-to-goodness facts are these: After the release of your next picture you're going to be made a star, for Superlative has decided that it needs a great dramatic actress AND you're elected. BUT if you don't slow down and get off the roller coaster Superlative may change its mind. See? In other words the Big Boss is going to make you exclusive and you've got to quit dancing on everybody's table. You've got to get remote and your dear public mustn't see you doing the Black Bottom with every mug who comes along. They've got to think of you as wandering lonely and aloof by the murmuring sea. It may be hard at first—"

"HARD? Hard?" Julie laughed hysterically. "Why, it's the one thing I've always wanted to do. All my life I've forced myself to be that awful 'life of the party' because it was expected of me. I hate parties, I despise people, I loathe cocktails—I want to be alone—I've always wanted to be alone— [Continued on page 62]

Domestic and Exported Love



WOULD you rather have a French or American hero make love to you? Robert Montgomery gazes at Constance Bennett in that worshipping, wistful way in the American version of the "Easiest Way," but Andre Burgere in the French version asks no questions but seizes lovely Lily Damita in his arms. The American humbly pleads for love; the Frenchman takes it boldly

Mr. Cinderella

He's Richard Cromwell of
Overnight Fame Who
Has Knocked the Girls
for a Loop

By
Caroline Duncan

THE Horatio Alger fable from "Rags to Riches" is the interviewer's stock story. One is constantly writing of the Janet Gaynors, Charlie Farrells, Lois Morans, Barbara Stanwycks, who have skyrocketed from obscurity to overnight fame.

And yet, nowhere in screen annals is there recorded a tale as amazing as that of Richard Cromwell, young star of "Tol'able David."

When Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, decided to remake "Tol'able David" as a talking picture, he knew that the job of finding someone to equal Richard Barthelmess' classic portrayal would be difficult. But just how difficult, he wasn't to realize until he had taken tests of every juvenile from Hollywood to New York—and found none of them satisfactory. Finally, in desperation, he decided to give the rôle to an unknown.

Roy Radabaugh, a twenty year old artist, living in Hollywood and starving for a livelihood in the fictional manner of all artists, heard about this unusual opportunity and applied for the part. "Tol'able David" was his favorite story—he had always wanted to be an actor—and the other fifty reasons don't matter.

Everyone was as astounded as Roy when the coveted rôle was entrusted to him. Other obscure players who were suddenly starred have all of them served a previous apprenticeship of some sort—extra, property boy, script clerk—something. Roy Radabaugh had NEVER set foot inside a studio in any capacity. He was as new as tomorrow's newspaper, as fresh as a last coat of paint on a suburban house.

No sooner had he been assigned the part than his name was changed to Richard Cromwell. No sooner had he finished the picture than his new name went up in electric lights and he was presented with a five-year contract with regular raises of salary and all that.

Who said, "and so overnight fame" is a sub-title?

"Tol'able David" recently had its world premiere at the Mayfair Theatre in New York. And to celebrate the event, "Dick" was sent East on a series of personal appearances. Not only was it his first glimpse of the Big City, but also the first time he had ever been outside the state of California.

When I dined with him in his suite at the Hotel St. Moritz, my food remained untouched as I "ate up" the amazing facts that had uprooted him from the crowd.

Richard (Tol'able David) Cromwell has not only IT but That—that Something which appeals to the maternal instinct. And lads with That go far



He was born in Los Angeles, Jan. 8, 1910, between five and six o'clock of a Saturday morning. And has never inconvenienced his mother since.

When he was eight years old, his father died, leaving a young widow to carry on the burden of supporting five growing youngsters. She moved her brood to Long Beach, a seaside resort forty miles from Hollywood, and secured a job as a typist. Dick contributed his share to the family coffers by sundry odd jobs, which included concocting "chocolate luxuros" and "cherry delights" behind a soda fountain and peddling his artistic, albeit uncommercial, handiwork.

When he was fifteen years old, he decided to move to Hollywood and attend the Chouinard Art School, where he could study this thing called Art in a Big Way. Because he couldn't afford to pay the tuition and there were no scholarships left, he induced Madam Chouinard to let him work his way through. Since Dick has the sort of face that every mother could love, how could she refuse him?

P.S. She didn't.

Then began Dick's first big adventure—living on his own. He hunted around until he found a room inexpensive enough and sufficiently large to be converted into two—one for sleeping quarters and the other for his workshop. He thought if he painted enough, he might eventually paint his way into a movie studio. For greater than Dick's ambition to become a great artist was his desire to be a greater actor. But Dick's first and only attempt at histrionics had occurred during his high school days when he played the title rôle in a Junior class production of "Ivanhoe." Dick made his own costume and it consisted of a union suit with chicken rings tacked on and bedroom slippers encased in silver paper. Dick's performance was masterly until the end of the second [Continued on page 58]



TRADER HORN

Rating: GREAT

M-G-M

Here is Africa as you have dreamed of it, with its jungles, its wild animals, its wilder people, and its unbelievable beauty. Here, too, is action—human beings in thrilling adventures; animals in death combat. There is a story, of a white girl rescued by a trader and a young hero, from the savages. Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo, Edwina Booth and the native, Mutia, are all splendid. It's "different." It's thrilling. Don't miss it.



DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE

Rating: GOOD

M-G-M

Dancing Daughter Joan Crawford goes melodramatic in a big way and becomes a real suspense sister—yeh, it's an underworld plot but done smartly. The dad of two rich youngsters, Joan and William Bakewell, dies, leaving them penniless. Joan goes to work on a newspaper but kid brother becomes a bootlegger—and then the drama begins. It's all thrilling and very exciting. Clark Gable makes a marvelous villain and Joan and Billy are grand.



THE GANG BUSTER

Rating: GOOD

Paramount

Paramount has at last done right by Jack Oakie and given him a real story. He's another sap—this time an accident insurance salesman who wanders into gangland. In the underworld, Jack blunders into saving the girl, her father and several others from bullets. He also breaks up desperate gangs—all in the dumb Oakie manner. It's a sweet burlesque on the usual gangster stuff and it's fairly good entertainment.

Silver Screen's



CIMARRON

Rating: GREAT

RKO

Cimarron is one of the finest talkies ever produced. It is a magnificent portrayal of early America, magnificently produced, finely photographed and gorgeously acted. It's a gigantic story of the empire builders and a hero, Yancey Cravat, who was a real pioneer, a passionate lover, a brave fighter and a born adventurer. Richard Dix comes back with a bang. He's superb. So is the rest of the cast. You *must* see this.



INSPIRATION

Rating: GOOD

M-G-M

A girl who has been the inspiration of Paris falls in love. She loves utterly. Sacrificing her career, her home, her friends, is nothing to her. Finally she loves sufficiently to give up even the man himself. Garbo is great in this. It is all her picture and she has never been more beautiful or tragic. But it fails a bit for this very reason. You don't believe even Bob Montgomery could have resisted her. It's depressing.

Reviewing Stand



GENTLEMAN'S FATE

Rating: GOOD

M-G-M

Jack Gilbert in a gangster story. Jack is a young man about town who suddenly finds that he is the younger son of a racketeering family. The girl he loves marries another man and he joins his family's gang. Comes "the pay-off" and it's a tragic one. Gilbert fans can go for this, for Jack does his finest work since his Garbo days. Besides, there's Louis Wolheim, Anita Page and Leila Hyams, all honeys. They work well together.



CITY LIGHTS

Rating: GOOD

United Artists

There is only one Chaplin. There are laughs—and sobs—that only he can create. But considering the time, money and comedy genius that have gone into this, the result is disappointing. It's far below "Shoulder Arms" or "The Gold Rush." A tramp loves a blind flower girl, who believes him a millionaire. That's the story. The gags are sure-fire, fast and funny. Charlie is great—but the film isn't.

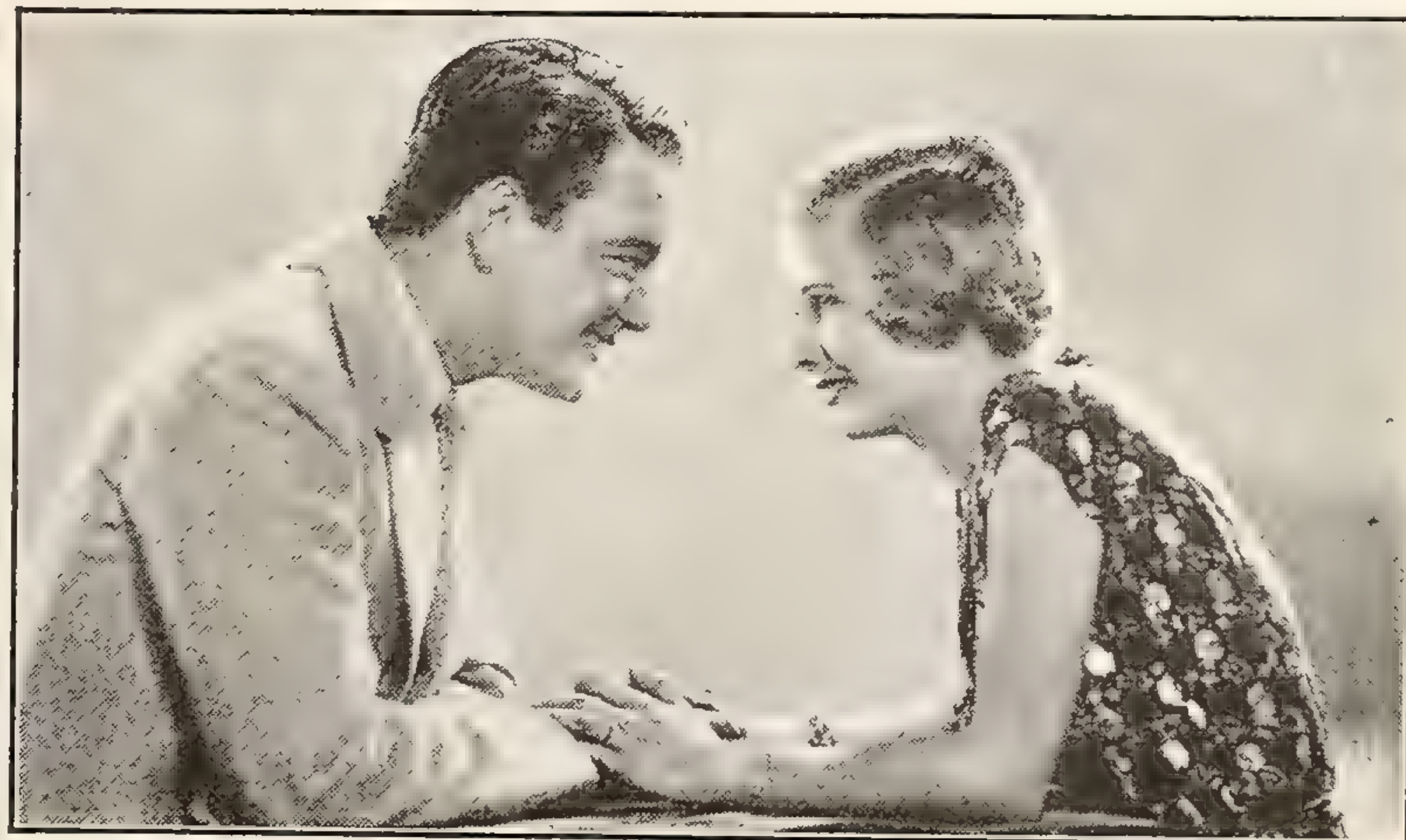


RESURRECTION

Rating: GOOD

Universal

Tolstoy's great story of love, sin and regeneration has been brought to the talking screen with dignity and power. You probably remember the story from the old silent days—that of the peasant girl loved and deserted by an officer. Lupe Velez gives the best performance of her career—a beautiful, genuine portrayal. John Boles is splendid and so is Nance O'Neil. Credit to Director Edwin Carewe, too. All in all, worth seeing again.



MANY A SLIP

Rating: GOOD

Universal

Modern youth must have its fling and what actually happens during the high moments of youthful passion has been portrayed in "Many A Slip." It's an awfully delicate theme—the intimate love affairs of a boy and girl. But here it's been handled well and some clever comedy added, too. Lew Ayres and Joan Bennett are the two lovers, while Slim Summerville and Virginia Sales contribute most of the fun. You'll enjoy it.



THE DAWN TRAIL

Rating: FAIR

Columbia

Here's another wild western story of galloping hoofs and brave men who fight for their women in a big way. Buck Jones does the typical outdoor hero stuff, hard riding and fast shooting. It's the old story of the hero as a sheriff who must arrest his sweetheart's brother for murder—but it does manage to be convincing and exciting at times. Miriam Seegar is the sweetheart and very nice, too. The children will like this.



FIGHTING CARAVANS
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

A mild carbon copy of "The Covered Wagon," with dialogue and sound added, but with the novelty and the thrills missing. It's a big production, beautifully photographed and well enough acted, but since the action is kept around the two old scouts, Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, rather than around Gary Cooper and Lily Damita, the love interest, it's good only for an evening's entertainment, and not great.



FINN AND HATTIE
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

Two little kids, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl, steal this swell comedy. It's the story of Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad which Donald Ogden Stewart authored with many wise-cracks. Finn (that's the old man) has made a lot of money and thinks it would be a grand idea to take his family on a trip—he does, and how! Leon Errol and ZaSu Pitts are mama and papa and it's all great for the children.



KIKI
Rating: GOOD
United Artists

America's Sweetheart playing a Parisian chorus gal is rather unusual, but she surprises you. For our Mary returns to her first acting love and is grand as a slapstick comedienne. As Kiki, Mary gets kicked out of a show for wrecking it and then tries to vamp the producer away from his ex-wife. The way Mary does it is no less than a riot. Reginald Denny's good as the producer, and Phil Tead is clever.



DON'T BET ON WOMEN
Rating: GOOD
Fox

A very strong-minded gentleman who claims women must be led makes a bet with a well known hot-shot with the ladies that the latter can't kiss his wife within forty-eight hours. Things get pretty warm for the hubby and all concerned. Clever acting and direction make this highly amusing and sophisticated entertainment. Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Roland Young all do splendidly.



LONELY WIVES
Rating: GOOD
Pathe

This is naughty, but censor-proof entertainment, a fast and furious farce—with double meanings and everything else. Edward Everett Horton plays a hubby with a wild streak, who hires a near likeness to double for him to fool his mother-in-law, so he can go playing. Everything is swell until the wife comes home unexpectedly and likes his double. Laura La Plante, Esther Ralston and Patsy Ruth Miller are the lovely ladies.



PARLOR, BED-ROOM AND BATH
Rating: GOOD
M-G-M

We've been waiting a long time for just such a comedy from that frozen-faced comic, Buster Keaton. Imagine Buster with a false reputation as a great lover—and what would happen if several passionate ladies went after him. That's what happens to Bashful Buster. Pretty girls get into their undies and then the husband of one walks in on Buster. It's all fast and furious and an outstanding fun film you shouldn't miss.

REVIEWING STAND



THE EASIEST WAY
Rating: **GOOD**
M-G-M

Hurrah for Constance Bennett! Given a very old story, of the poor girl who wanted pretty things and got them plus a very rich man but minus a wedding ring, Connie brings a fine sincerity to the whole picture and makes a touching love story of what might have been just another movie. Adolphe Menjou is his suave self as the man about town—and Robert Montgomery is the man Connie loves. Can you blame her?



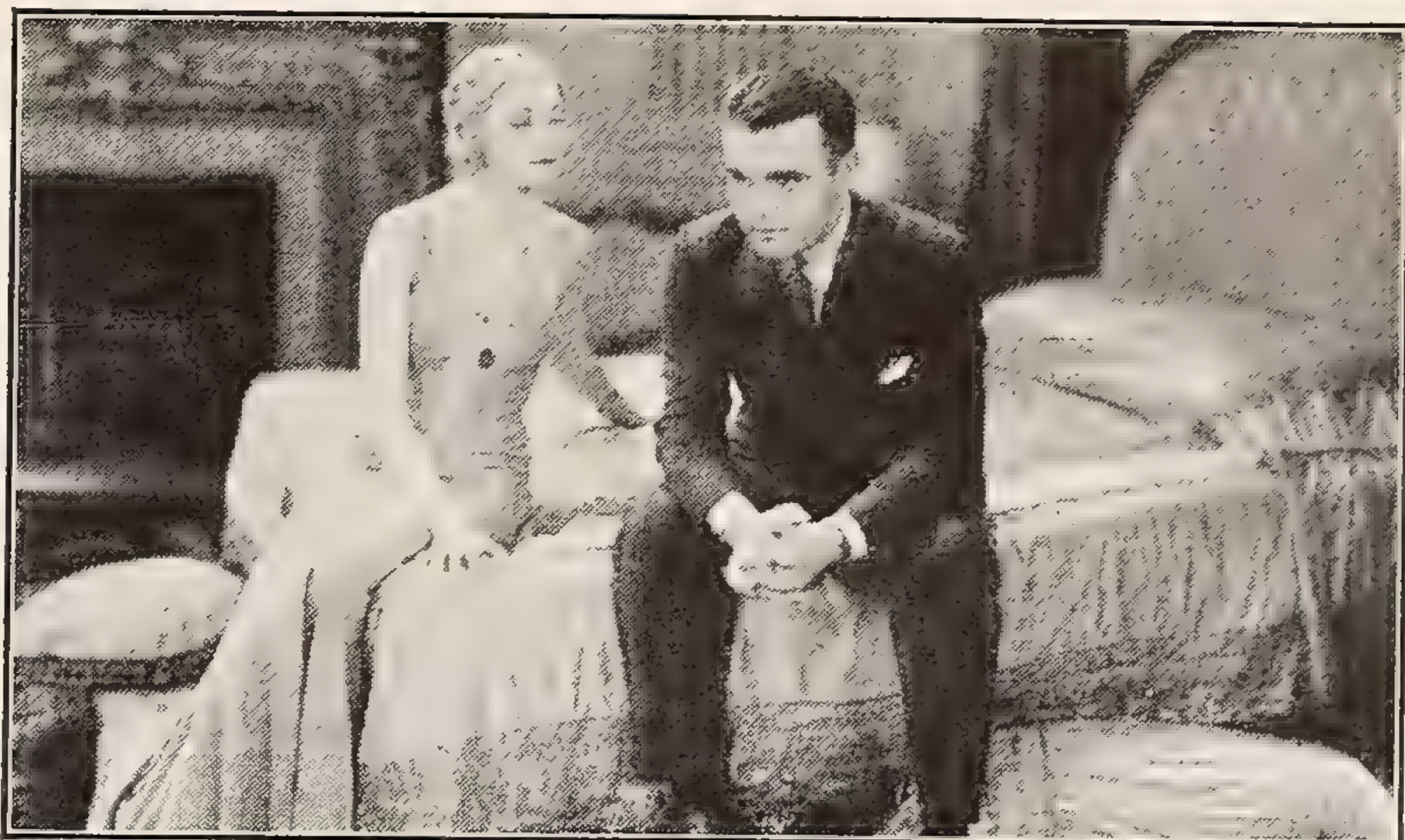
BEHIND OFFICE DOORS
Rating: **GOOD**
Radio Pictures

Here's another yarn of just how important sexy young secretaries are to the boss—in one way or another. This one concerns the lovable, capable stenographer who is running the business, but the boss doesn't realize it—or, just how pretty she is, either. He's engaged to the banker's daughter until a financial crash comes, and then he wakes up to several things. Mary Astor is lovely and Robert Ames is good as the boss.



ALOHA
Rating: **FAIR**
Tiffany

Although Raquel Torres gives the best dramatic performance of her career, "Aloha" has been so cheaply made that the merit of her work is stolen by trite direction. The theme is "The Bird of Paradise" modernized. A native girl marries the only son of a shipping magnate. Naturally, her entrance into society is quite a shock. A hateful sister-in-law causes trouble which eventually leads to tragedy. Ben Lyon is nice as the boy.



THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE
Rating: **FAIR**
Tiffany

Mythical kingdoms provide an excellent background when one wants to poke fun at European royalty—titled folk who have considerable trouble with their marriages and manners. An actor is hired to impersonate a Prince and make love to a Princess—a gal who makes things rather exciting for her suitors. It's charmingly risqué at moments but nevertheless, fair cinematic entertainment. Neil Hamilton and Una Merkel are the lovers.



EAST LYNNE
Rating: **GREAT**
Fox

Good old "East Lynne," one of the most famous of the ancient melodramas, comes to the talkie screen and proves to be one of the finest of the season. Ann Harding is lovely as the heroine, who is constantly nagged and finally driven from home by her husband's sister. She learns the tragedy of illicit love. Besides Ann's beautiful portrayal, there is Conrad Nagel acting his best, and Clive Brook who is grand as the lover.



FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN
Rating: **GOOD**
Warner Brothers

That goofy team of Olsen and Johnson, a couple of loose nuts, run riot in Paris—a Paris that no one ever saw; but that doesn't make any difference. This pair are hired as detectives to watch a young man earn his living as a tourist guide (it's all on a bet) and win a certain young lady's heart. Goofy but funny. It's filmed in Technicolor, and has a few musical numbers. The story'll remind you of Wheeler and Woolsey's antics.

A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

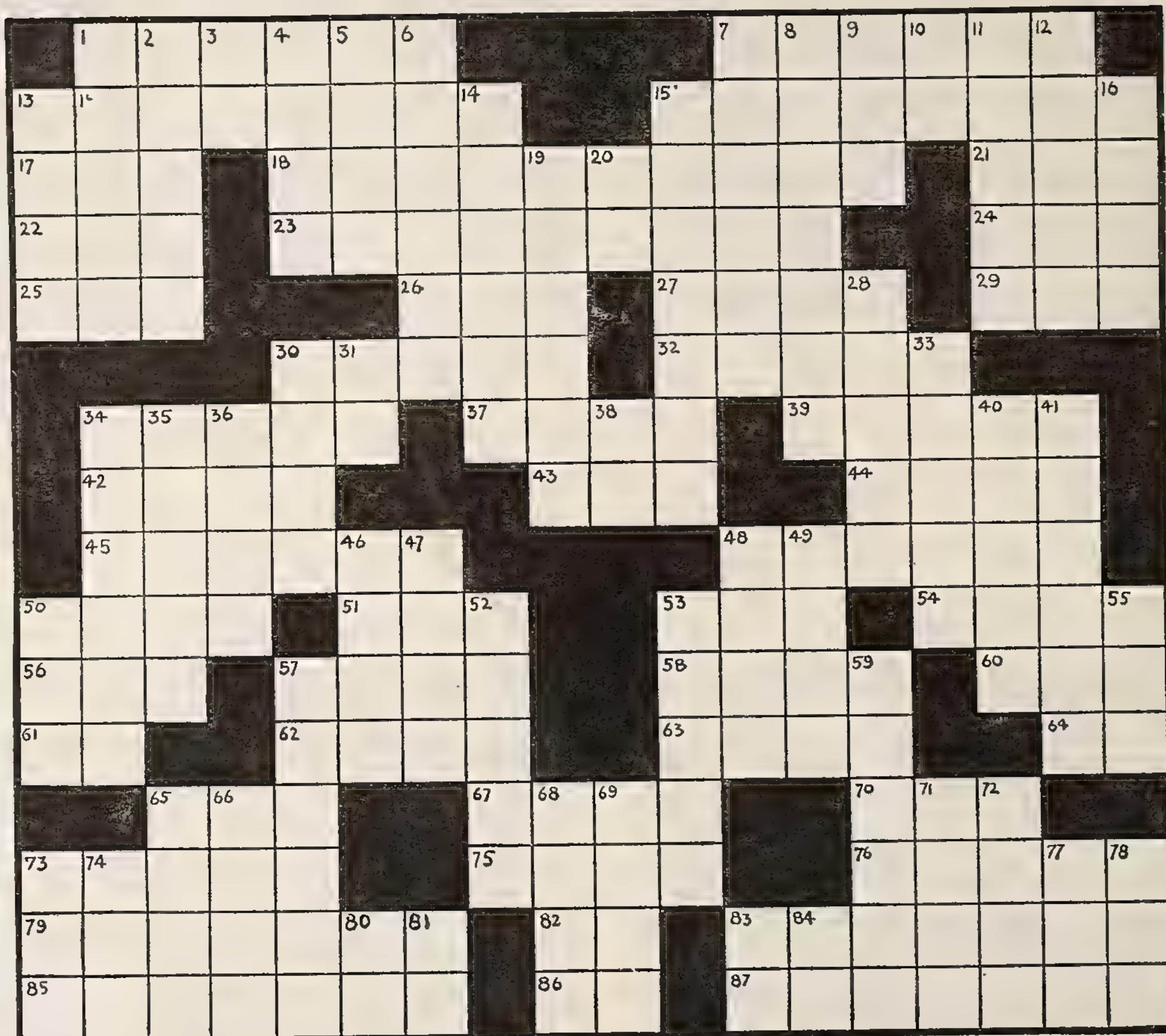
By Alma Talley



34 Across



83 Across



2 Down



10 Down

ACROSS

DOWN

- 1 } Your favorite magazine.
- 7 }
- 13 A banner.
- 15 Decorated with carvings.
- 17 Part of verb to be.
- 18 What screen stars earn.
- 21 To utter.
- 22 What you are.
- 23 What film cutters do.
- 24 Something aroused in a temperamental star.
- 25 Something you use in seeing movies.
- 26 The well-known slippery fish.
- 27 A famous Pickford role.
- 29 A worm.
- 30 Player of Grogan in "True to the Navy."
- 32 High suit in cards.
- 34 Marie Dressler's side-kick.
- 37 Rudy Vallee's Alma Mater.
- 39 Star who died last year.
- 42 Leading man in "Red Hot Rhythm."
- 43 Conjunction.
- 44 A kind of wood.

- 45 Actor related to Barrymores.
- 48 What Will Hays makes stars do.
- 50 To discover.
- 51 M-G-M lion.
- 53 Clara Bow's current boy friend.
- 54 Leading Lady in "Big Boy."
- 56 Vilma Banky's husband.
- 57 Something actresses must take care of.
- 58 The Irish Rose's boy friend.
- 60 Describing some movie villains
- 61 Preposition.
- 62 What a scenario tells.
- 63 What a Northwest Mountie does to his man.
- 64 Biblical pronoun.
- 65 For.
- 67 Highest point.
- 70 What an actor drives around in.
- 73 Once more.
- 75 Describing a ham actor's clothes.
- 76 Musical instruments.
- 79 Breakers.
- 82 Bone.
- 83 Star of "Illicit."
- 85 Heroine in "Four Sons."
- 86 What you say to theatre talkers.
- 87 Started in movies.

- 1 What a star hopes her husband won't do.
- 2 Star in "On Your Back."
- 3 French article.
- 4 A valley.
- 5 A German star.
- 6 Heroine in "The Bad Man."
- 7 A sea duck.
- 8 An ancient king, as wealthy as a film star.
- 9 A baton.
- 10 Player of dumb Swedes.
- 11 Star in "Scarlet Pages."
- 12 Approaches.
- 13 Where a film star keeps her valuables.
- 14 A cure.
- 15 What movies may do to a star's illusions.
- 16 Hollywood hair tonic.
- 19 A player of sophisticated women.
- 20 Preposition.
- 28 A tenor from Kansas City.
- 30 Gloria's Ex.
- 31 Article.
- 33 To entreat.
- 34 Star of "The Florodora Girl."
- 35 "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu."
- 36 The Bombay girl in "Girl in Every Port."
- 38 Behold.
- 40 What a ritzy star does in taking her bath.
- 41 The show-off in "Men Are Like that."

- 46 Fanny in "The Florodora Girl."
- 47 Hero in "Three Week Ends."
- 48 Star of "Rio Rita" and "Dixiana."
- 49 What you should walk—not run—to in your theatre.
- 50 Away from.
- 52 The jazz baby in "Follow Through."
- 53 Stormed, like an annoyed actor.
- 55 A caustic.
- 57 Full of stones (obsolete).
- 59 A girl's companion at the theatre.
- 65 To satiate, like a tiresome movie.
- 66 A small stream.
- 68 How a heroine talks to her sweetheart.
- 69 What some love scenes are.
- 71 A French priest.
- 72 What you do at a funny picture.
- 73 A kind of lamp used in making movies.
- 74 Sticky sweet stuff, like some love scenes (slang).
- 77 Before.
- 78 The kind of movies that make you cry.
- 80 Concerning.
- 81 The elder (abbreviation).
- 83 Part of the verb to be.
- 84 Article.

(Want to prove that you did it correctly? All right—turn to page 57.)



ROBERT MONTGOMERY

ALL that this boy's got is in this one picture—in his clever, impudent eyes, his laughing mouth, his upthrust chin. Unknown a year ago, his fan mail this year makes the postman stagger. And after following "The Easiest Way" with Connie Bennett he'll be starred all by his handsome self

Hurrell



Hurrell

SALLY
EILERS

ADORABLE Sally! The cause of much gayety in "Let Us Be Gay," the girl who drove the "Doughboys" mad and lent her tender wistful beauty to "Reducing." Ziegfeld calls her the most beautiful brunette in Hollywood. And he's some picker! She wears Hoot Gibson's wedding ring, has seen twenty-two birthdays, can act as well as look pretty and is under contract to M-G-M



Duncan

ANOTHER beautiful brunette. She sat in a corner and pulled out a plum, did little Irene Dunne. It turned out to be one of the biggest plums of the year—the part of Sabra in “Cimarron.” She’s the Little Woman for whom Richard Dix dared all. And now RKO with fingers crossed is looking for new worlds for Irene to conquer. You will see her next in “Bachelor Apartment”

I R E N E
D U N N E



FRANCES DEE

THE girl Maurice Chevalier was Dee-lighted to meet, when he was making "Playboy of Paris." He asked her to be his leading lady—for picture purposes only. And now the fans are so Dee-lighted with her that after playing opposite Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers in "Along Came Youth," she'll be Jack Oakie's pet inspiration in "June Moon"



DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, Jr.

FIRST NATIONAL'S fair-haired boy as he'd like to look in the rôle he'd love to play—"L'Aiglon" or maybe it's Romeo. Anyway, it's a handsome picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who has just been awarded the most curious contract ever signed in Hollywood. He'll be art director, costume designer, foreign supervisor, scenario writer, director and star, all at once! And at night he can tack up shelves about the home of Mrs. Joan Crawford Fairbanks

Fryer



L A U R A
L A P L A N T E

TALKIES didn't do right by Laura La Plante, but she being a canny lass stayed away after she had finished her Universal contract until she could get the rôle she wanted. She's found it at last in "Lonely Wives," in which she and Patsy Ruth Miller will provide plenty of laughs. In private life she's anything but a lonely wife, for Director William Sieter is a devoted husband

Thomas



Freulich

THE girl who came back. Dark-haired, vivid, a blazing new personality for the movies, you saw her in "Liliom" and "A Lady Surrenders." But she had salary trouble with Universal and in a huff returned to Broadway. Rose and Universal have patched up their differences and Rose returned, only to be loaned to First National for "Chances." Very complicated, but Rose is back

ROSE
HOBART



WILLIAM POWELL

and

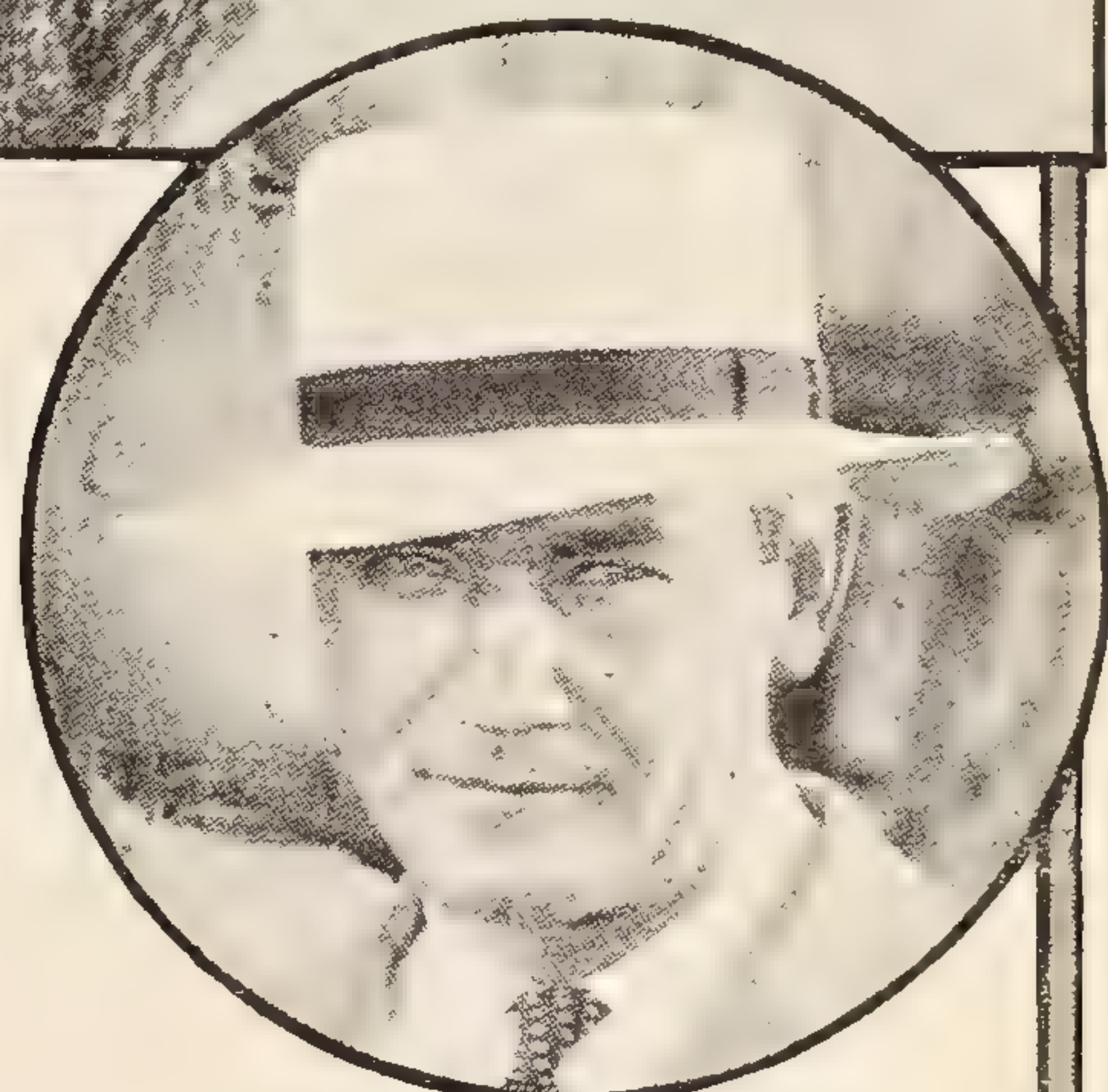
CAROLE LOMBARD

NOW they do say that his fervent kiss isn't all acting. William Powell is reported "that way" about Carole Lombard and the beautiful Lombard appears to be registering that here's a Will with a way about him that she likes very much. You'll see these two together in "Gentlemen of the Streets"

Richee



(Above) Harry Richman loved publicity. Gilbert Roland didn't understand



Victor Fleming, who was too mature. (Below) Rex Bell, Clara Bow's present beau



The Girl Who Needs Friendship

CLARA BOW has given beauty and vivacity to the world. But life has returned to her nothing but heartache and sorrow. When Elinor Glyn (above) named Clara the "IT" girl it should have meant triumph and joy for her. Instead it marked the beginning of her unhappiness. She was very young then, all vivid flame and beauty. Sincere and generous herself, she thought that all those she met were moved by the same impulses. She gave without stint—her money, her talent, her love. Men loved her, only to disappoint her. Even her father, whom she set up in business, failed her and married her secretary. Then she pinned her faith on a girl, Daisy Devoe. Daisy was her pal. The recent Devoe trial showed how that trust was treated. Clara, the "IT" girl! Pity her, for her lonely heart, and her need for true friends.



Acme, P. & A.

Daisy Devoe with her boy friend, Al Mathes



Acme, P. & A.

Clara's first love, her dad, Robert Bow

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More Movietown Topics

[Continued from page 33]

GILDA GREY is all set to marry George Brent in June, 'tis whispered around.

* * *

LUPE VELEZ says she isn't married to Gary Cooper, and explains that the wedding ring on her finger is her mother's. Well, maybe.

* * *

Sue Carol lost her bull pup which her hubby, Nick Stuart, gave her as a birthday present.

She advertised a large reward for the pup's return but all in vain.

* * *

THE real story behind Doug Fairbanks's sudden trip to the Orient has just come out. His Majesty the King of Siam wrote Doug a letter asking him to visit his country, to be the royal guest, and to make a picture in Siam. For making this picture he will receive a million dollars—possibly in Siamese money. Doug will shoot big game on the side—probably with a camera.

* * *

TWO sisters in Hollywood, Helene and Dolores Costello are getting a bad break. They'd like to be friends, but whenever they meet, Lowell Sherman, who's wedded to the fair Helene, and John Barrymore, who's devoted to his wife Dolores, snarl at each other over their teacups. It takes all the tact and diplomacy the two sisters possess to keep a semblance of peace in the family.

* * *

WHILE Charlie Chaplin is reaping millions on "City Lights," (they had to use tear bombs to keep the crowds away at the Los Angeles premiere) his brother, Sydney Chaplin, is facing a petition for bankruptcy in London.

* * *

JANET GAYNOR is resting at Palm Springs, California, while recovering from her recent operation for appendicitis. And in the meanwhile Charles Farrell is making a trip to Europe—alone. She and Charlie Farrell were to be teamed together again in "Merely Mary Ann," but his European trip may change all that.

* * *

CHARLES BICKFORD has made up his differences with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He was furious because of the role he had to play in "Passion Flower." If there's anything Bickford regards as absurd, it's playing the part of a romantic, passionate hero. But M-G-M has found a part more to his liking in "The Squaw Man" and he's back on its payroll after some stormy scenes.

* * *

JACKIE COOGAN made such a hit in "Tom Sawyer" that Paramount has signed him up for a series of pictures that will make the children flock to the theaters. In addition, it has signed up his younger brother, Robert, for the role of Sooky in



Will she be a sensation in talkies? She's Tallulah Bankhead, the American girl who became the greatest star in London. Now Paramount has brought her home to star in "New York Lady," plus lots of other flickers if she makes good

"Skippy," which will be based on the popular comic strip of that name.

* * *

WILLIAM HAINES is not above running an antique shop and doing a little interior decorating on the side. He must be good at it, for Joan Crawford has just given him a contract to decorate two of the rooms in her new home. Another amusing bit of personal gossip about Bill is that he's just learning social dancing for the first time. Whenever he gets a free moment he practices dance steps on the set.

* * *

SOME young women got the thrill of their life when a handsome young stranger claiming to be Reginald Denny dated them up for the evening. But he didn't keep the dates! The real Reginald Denny is quite upset, for the impostor not only carries on his flirtations in Denny's name, but also borrows money, cashes checks, and collects cash in advance for personal appearances which he promises to make and never does.

* * *

DID you ever hear of a superstitious Scot? Well, Ernest Torrence has worn the same overcoat for fifteen years.

While appearing in musical comedies in the United States in 1915, Torrence purchased the coat. When it passed out of dress use, he retained it for rehearsals and later wore it outdoors while making his screen debut in "Tol'able David." He has used it in every picture since that time.

THE NEW STYLES ARE ALLURING—BUT SO EXACTING

It's no secret that the new clothes demand good looks. There's no secret about anything, in fact! We stand revealed in bathing suits; in trim sports togs or backless gowns.

Never has a good figure meant so much. A figure slender—yet softly rounded.

For every girl who possesses such a figure, there are thousands dieting to gain the rounded slimness they'd give the world to have. And so many lose the very beauty they are trying to achieve! For most reducing diets lack sufficient roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons clog up the system and take a terrible toll of youth and beauty.

THIS DANGER can be avoided by including one delightful food in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, a non-fattening, ready-to-eat cereal. ALL-BRAN provides the roughage necessary to keep the system regular.

A great aid to beauty. It also contains iron, which puts color in cheeks and lips—and helps prevent dietary anemia.

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Photographs by HURRELL—M. G. M.

The new styles as worn by DOROTHY JORDAN, beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. "To be feminine in a bathing suit wear a pastel shaded suit"—advises Dorothy Jordan. For an informal "supper"-hour engagement Miss Jordan wears a modernized pattern in chocolate-brown chiffon combined with a silk Chantilly lace yoke. Miss Jordan wears a bouffant type frock for evening affairs, combining flesh-pink satin with flounce of silk Chantilly lace.

Spring Styles Make Youthforms a Necessity



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NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
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Hollywood Puts on Heirs

[Continued from page 29]

and was openly annoyed at having her routine disturbed. When Nurse Wilkinson took off her bonnet to show me her fuzz of fawn-colored hair she expressed her opinion of the press in no uncertain terms. She's a well-built youngster with great round cheeks. Looks like her mother, fortunately—and I don't think Joe will resent my saying that! But when she smiles—although her mouth is tiny—there's a trace of the famous Brown grin.

Four months' old Mary Elizabeth Ann has a private bedroom and bath. There's a combined bathtub and dressing table, very tricky, and a wardrobe full of dainty dresses. Some class to these Hollywood infants! Mary wore a pink silk coat and a becoming bonnet with little pleats around the face. Also, fortunately, a bib. She takes sun baths every day, like the Duke, and like him is being brought up sanely but not fanatically. Nurse Wilkinson believes in letting both a baby and a baby's family have some fun once in a while.

THE Duke had vamped me pretty completely, but my subjugation was cinched when I met Roberta Katharine Washburn. Now I really ought to give "Bobbie" a bad notice because she slept all through the interview. Her daddy, Bryant Washburn, turned her upside down and her pretty mother propped her hopefully up in a corner of the couch—but Bobbie never blinked an eyelash. She smiled a most irresistible smile—with eyes tightly shut—and went right on sleeping. She's only ten weeks old—but she's a young lady with purpose. Her hair is long and black and her eyelashes are phenomenal. Her eyes (I had to take second hand information on this point!) are blue, turning brown. And she looks amazingly like her father. Roberta's a very good looking baby—I have to admit it even though she snubbed me.

It's something of a problem interviewing Master Nicholas Soussanin, Jr. His mother, Olga Baclanova, who in silent days was the high-powered vamp of the Paramount lot, and his daddy, who used to be so grand in the Menjou pictures, are Russian, and speak to him in their native tongue. His nurse is German and spreckens Deutsch to him. But he was very gracious about it when I addressed him in English. He's a husky lad and I wouldn't have wanted him to take a dislike to me. He has lovely clear skin, his mother's coloring—blue eyes and blonde hair—and his father's features. He has the Russian temperament, restless and volatile, but with it a marvelous disposition. The young man is a lover of music and when his mother sings to him he sings back lustily if a bit tunelessly. He wore the conventional diapers (three different pairs during my visit), a little sleeveless shirt and a soft fine flannel jacket, embroidered in blue. Has a nurse, but Baclanova likes to look after him herself whenever possible. And by the way, in spite of his linguistic training, he speaks the same language as any other five months' old baby.

Cynthia Susan Morris is only three months old, but she has a sense of humor. When her handsome daddy, Chester Morris, told her that I was an interviewer, she winked at me. Cynthia's a wee scrap—but she's right there with the personality. Her eyes are blue and her hair is darkish. It's pretty hard to tell whom she looks like right now—but she can't go wrong either way. She has a big brother, Brooks, aged two and a half, towheaded and a regular guy. Chester and Sue, his attractive, blonde, half-pint wife, were playing nursemaid the day I went to call. They were knee-deep in babies and loving it. Chester, who usually portrays young men without hearts or morals on the screen—remember what a lad he was in "The Divorcee?"—is the most confirmed family man in Hollywood.

It took me three weeks to track down the Stepin Fetchit heir. The lackadaisical chocolate-colored Stepin for all his overnight success in "Hearts in Dixie" and his equally overnight obscurity due to too much something or other is about the most elusive lad who ever hove onto the Hollywood horizon. I finally located the baby in a bright green stucco apartment house in the colored section of Los Angeles. There was a holy medal over the front door and no one answered my knock. Around in the back yard I tripped over a lone pickanniny in a go-cart. Mrs. Fetchit answered the back door, ushered me into the living room with considerable aplomb, and brought in a tiny chocolate bundle. It's four months and two weeks old and its name is Joseph Jemajo Perry—Perry being Stepin's real name. "Jemajo" is a combination of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Stepin, you see, is a Catholic and wants his first-born to be a priest. The baby is definitely a brunette and looks like his talented but ill-advised papa. Mrs. Fetchit—or rather Mrs. Perry—is almost white and has long corkscrew curls and a lot of dignity. Stepin wasn't present. He rarely is.

FROM Stepin's I took a long jump up in the world, into the real cream of babies, if you don't mind my talking that way. I went to visit the baby who's had some five generations of stage ancestors and some two generations of screen folks—and all of them pretty smart and handsome. I mean, of course, Miss Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore.

Miss Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore, aged nine months, had just returned from a yachting trip. She has a crop of blonde hair, like her beautiful mother's, but turning dark. Blue eyes. She's very active—but a good baby. She's kept to a very strict schedule—but her parents are allowed to play with her—and do. She hasn't developed enough of a profile to talk about just yet—but with John for a father, Lionel for an uncle and Ethel for an aunt the odds are pretty heavy that she'll be a Barrymore rather than a Costello. What an actress she ought to be!

Interviewing babies has turned me into a linguist. I can talk seven varieties of baby talk now—and how that does help a girl to get along in Hollywood!

She Packs a Wallop

[Continued from page 17]

the sports writers. She's a swell player.

For some strange reason it is the firm belief of all casting directors that no native of Los Angeles or Hollywood has the slightest dramatic ability. Although Dorothy haunted the old FBO studio gates, she was never given a chance. She had to go back to New York to make good.

She had a successful engagement in "Hello Yourself," which entertained New York theater-goers two or three seasons past. Bert Glennon, a radio director, was casting "Syncopation." He saw Dorothy and engaged her for a bit in his picture. Before the production was completed the bit had developed into quite a rôle. She was one of the hits of the show.

Dorothy rang the old success bell again in "Rio Rita," that amazing star-making vehicle.

It is quite likely that Dorothy will attain stardom during 1931. Her next picture virtually gives her the stellar rôle. It will be one of those collegiate things, and she says it is a good story. I wouldn't be surprised if Dorothy made the last minute touchdown for dear old Siwash. She could do it, and still be lively enough to reign that night at the college prom.

With all the exercise Dorothy takes you would expect her to be muscled like the village blacksmith. She's puh-lenty strong even if she only weighs 103 pounds in a Mack Sennett bathing suit. She's also as feminine as a Park Avenue debutante, reared in a cut-glass hot house. And just as attractive!

Just a few months ago she gave up the state of single blessedness for James Fidler, a young Hollywood publicist. They have built a charming Spanish house at Taluca Lake, not far from the homes of Charles Farrell and Richard and Jobyna Arlen. Dorothy had a grand time furnishing the house. She selected the furniture, the china, the glassware and the silver. A woman is a woman for a' that.

In the living room there is a grand piano in one corner, and in another is a shining bicycle. She received it for Christmas, and she is so proud of it that as yet she can't bear to leave it outside.

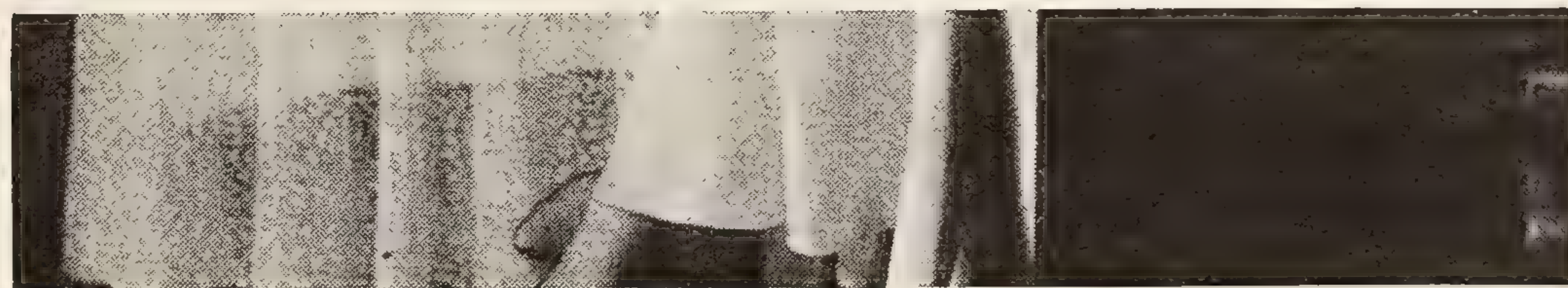
The house is finished, but the grounds are not completed. There will be a big swimming pool and a tennis court, ere summer scorches the posies again. In the back of the grounds is a spacious playroom. Barbecue suppers can be held out there, and there is enough room for dancing. Right now the floor space is fairly well taken up by a ping-pong court. Dorothy is just about the uncrowned champ of ping-pong in Hollywood.

When I tried to get around to the trivial business of interviewing, Dorothy suggested we go horseback riding. So I know now what perpetual motion means. It's Dorothy Lee. She's a swell girl, and completely lacking in high-hat manners, posturing and temperament.

And she's going to get some place. Any girl that can "skin-the-cat" can climb a mere ladder of success. Shucks, that's not a trick for her.



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Portrait of a Rising Star

[Continued from page 27]

now—Nancy's French maid.

If she has any pet extravagance, it is being generous to her family. When her parents celebrated their golden wedding anniversary last year, it was Nancy who treated them to a trip through the Panama Canal and a month's visit in California. When her younger sister, Elsie, was seriously ill this winter, it was Nancy who enlisted the best of medical attention.

Unlike most girls of her youth and beauty, clothes are no hobby of hers. She has to fuss about them too much on the screen to bother about them off. She claims that she used to be far better-dressed as a chorus girl than she is now and it didn't cost her half as much. She could go bargain hunting then in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Now, she finds it incumbent upon herself to patronize the more exclusive couturieres where she is fawned over by an alarming array of gushing salesladies. Which explains why she postpones buying any new clothes until the old ones are worn out.

Her face, being what it is, no one ever looks below the neckline. So it really doesn't matter!

She isn't a "yes" girl. Nor has she a one-track mind. She will argue a point, but is the first to acknowledge her own defeat. She is absolutely frank and above-board. She either likes you or she doesn't. There is no beating about the bush.

It was my privilege to give Nancy her first interview when she came to New York four years ago to attend the premiere of "Abie's Irish Rose." We hit it off right away and I flatter myself that we have been friends ever since.

People are constantly asking me whether it is true that Nancy is "high hat." And my answer always is that if she is, I have never seen any evidences of it.

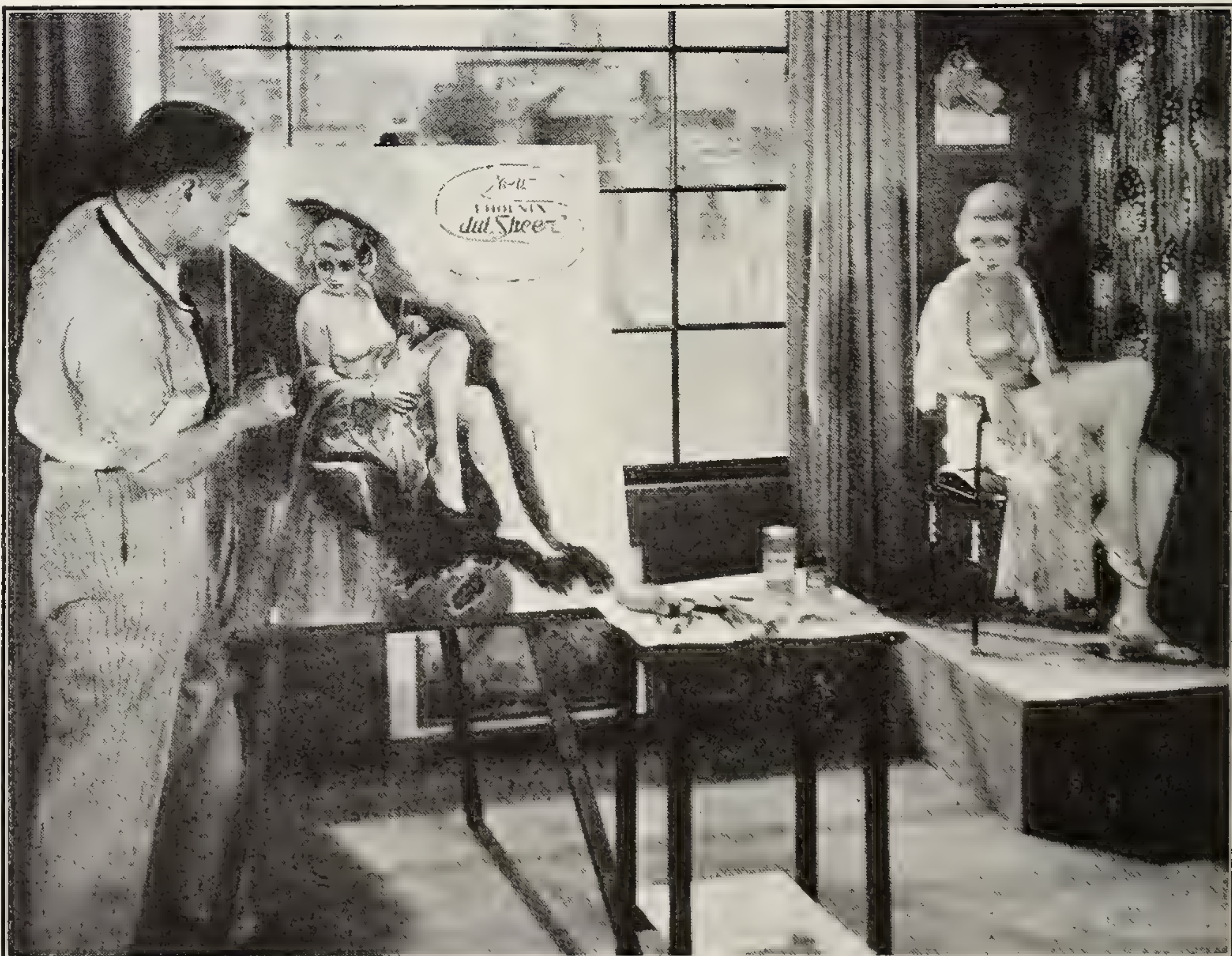
It is true that she may not turn somersaults when she receives a phone call from Minnie Glutz, who used to live next door to her on Tenth Avenue. But Nancy had never played with her as a child. Why then, should she express any undue emotion at the prospect of seeing her again? Or Johnnie Fitz, who once knew a forty-second cousin of hers? Or any of the other sycophants who are only too eager to renew her acquaintance now that she is a celebrity, but who would ignore her just as quickly if she weren't?

No, Nancy isn't high hat. It is just that she has read Emerson's "Essay on Friendship" and isn't too gullible about it!

As for that other question, "Has Nancy changed?" I want to answer as indignantly as Nancy herself, "Of course, she has!" If all that has happened to her within the past six years—marriage, motherhood and a career—hasn't changed her, then everything she has accomplished has been in vain. One can't keep spurting ahead as fast as Nancy has and remain in the same place.

And while we are on the subject of rumors, this should be as good a time as any to refute a great many unfair statements that have gone the rounds concerning Nancy and her baby, Patricia.

As the only representative of the press who has ever seen Patricia Kirkland "in person," I can vouch for the fact that she is the most normal, healthy and happy five-year-old that I have ever seen. And there is absolutely no doubt in my mind



Something very fine in silk stockings, or a still that came true. In "The Easiest Way," Connie Bennett was cast as a model. They took a scene of lovely Constance posing for a hosiery advertisement. It was so good the Phoenix Company bought it and you'll soon see it advertising their stockings on billboards throughout the country

that it is Nancy's and Jack's steadfast determination to keep her out of the public eye that has brought this about.

"She is entirely unconscious of herself now," Nancy explained as we walked in the park, with Pat blazing a trail ahead in search of carousels. "She plays with the other children and has a grand time. But if her pictures had been published in every newspaper and magazine, she would be recognized immediately everywhere she went—stared at and labelled, 'Nancy Carroll's little girl.' But what is infinitely worse—she would become conscious of herself and me.

"She had her first experience of this the other day. I had taken her to the Museum of Natural History, and as we came out several people recognized me and started to follow us down the street. When Patsy noticed them, she looked at me in the most astonished manner and asked, 'Mummy, are those people following us?'

"Although she has seen me on the stage at the Paramount Theatre, she is too young to realize what it means. I'm just like anybody else's 'Mummy' now (especially when I ride on the carousels with her!) and that is the way I want her to think about me for a long, long time.

"As for all these stupid rumors that have been circulated to the effect that I hide her from public view because I feel it is disillusioning to the fans to know I have a child, well, we had better change the subject or my fighting Irish will begin to manifest itself!"

At the present writing, Nancy has just completed her second picture with Edmund Goulding. Nancy believes in Goulding. Perhaps because she is the kind of girl who always knows what is good for her.

When Goulding parted from Gloria Swanson as director recently, he took "Devil's Holiday," the story he had in mind for her, and demanded Carroll. And Nancy was overjoyed at the demand because she had just finished "Sweetie." And Nancy's "Sweetie" days are over. She says so. And when she says a thing, it is usually true.

It may be the luck of the Irish or the Dutch or the French or whatever LaHiff means. But Nancy knows what she wants, goes after it, and gets it.



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a beauty talk with one of the
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Marian Nixon

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MARIAN NIXON

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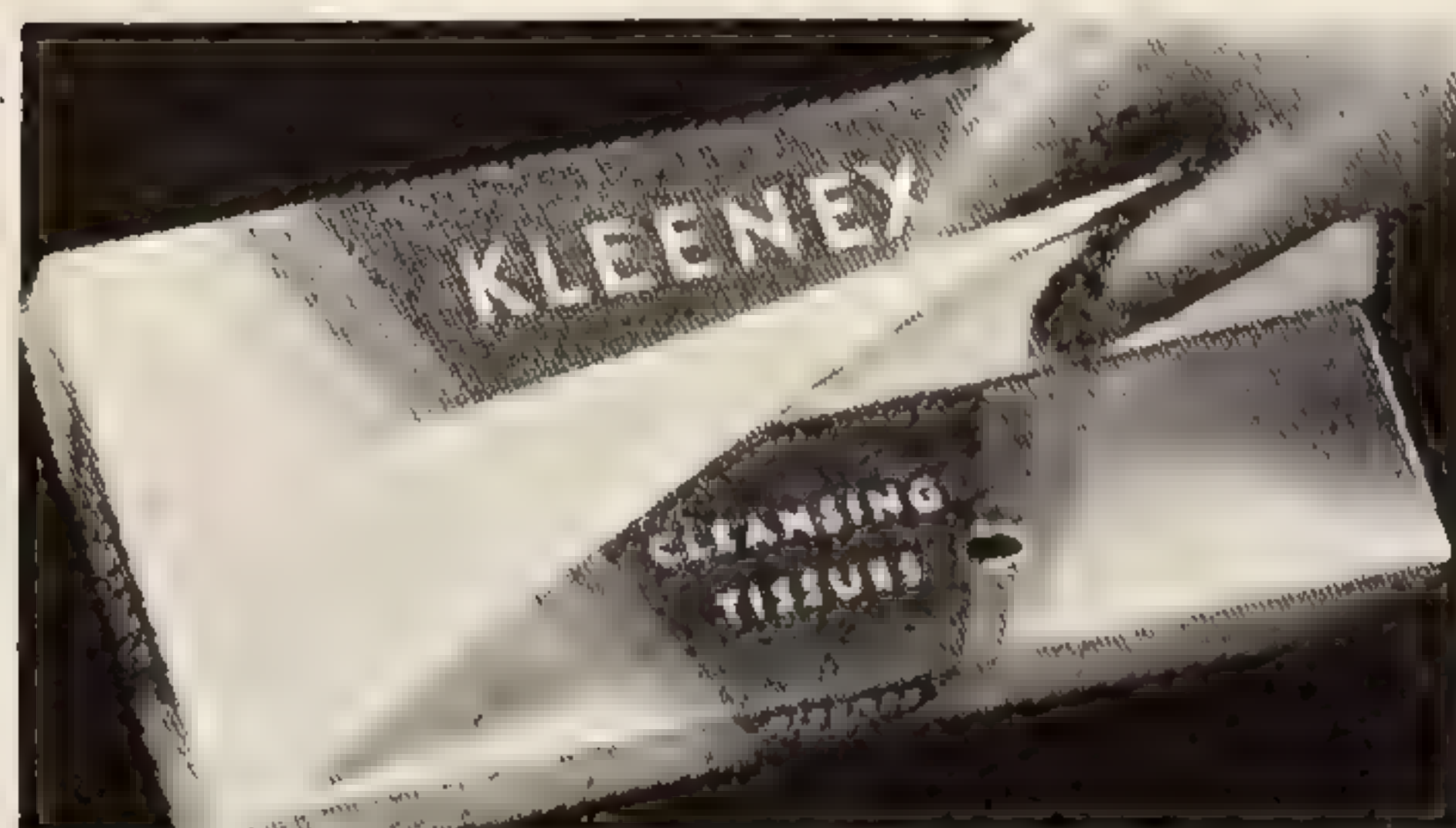
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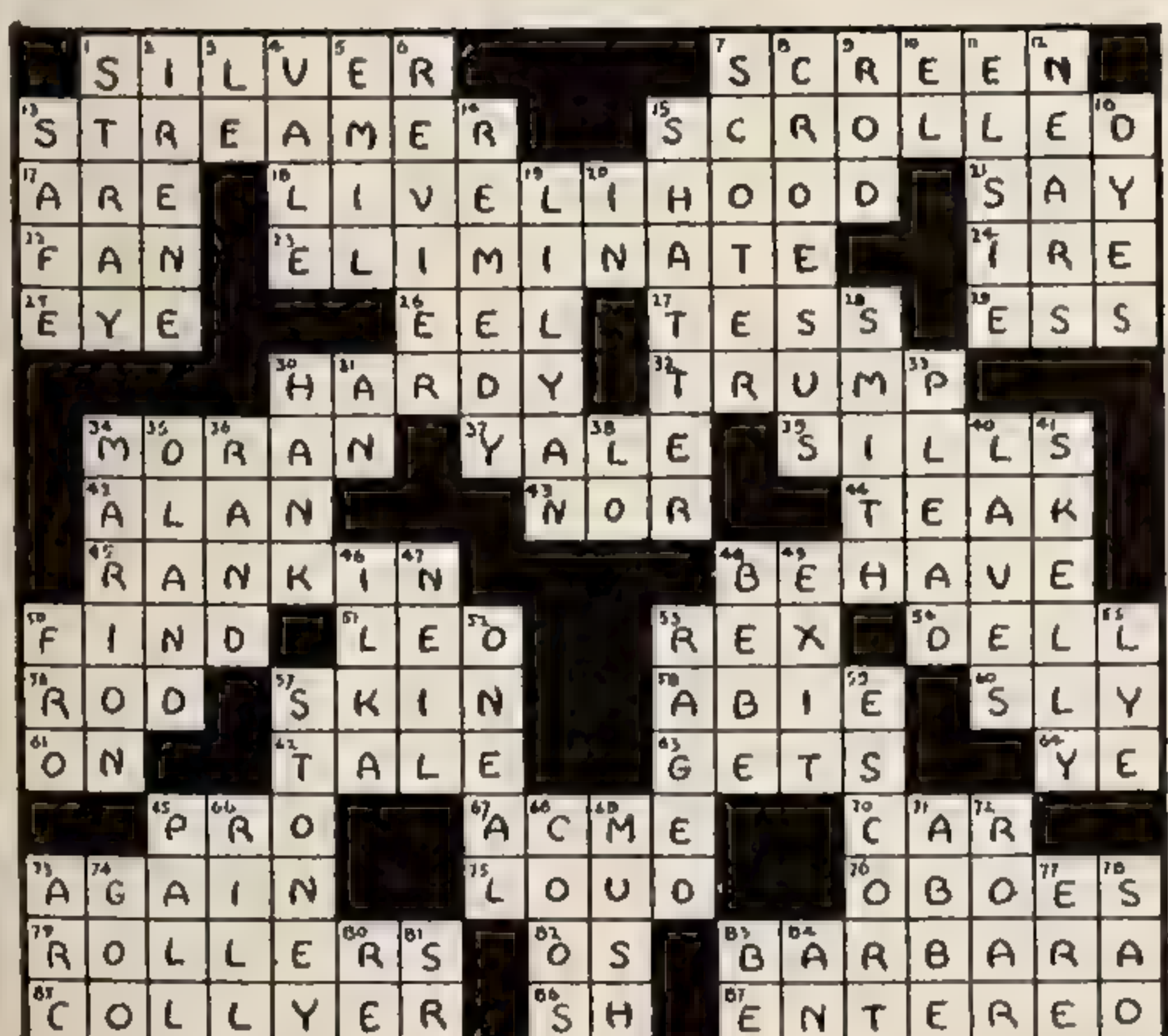
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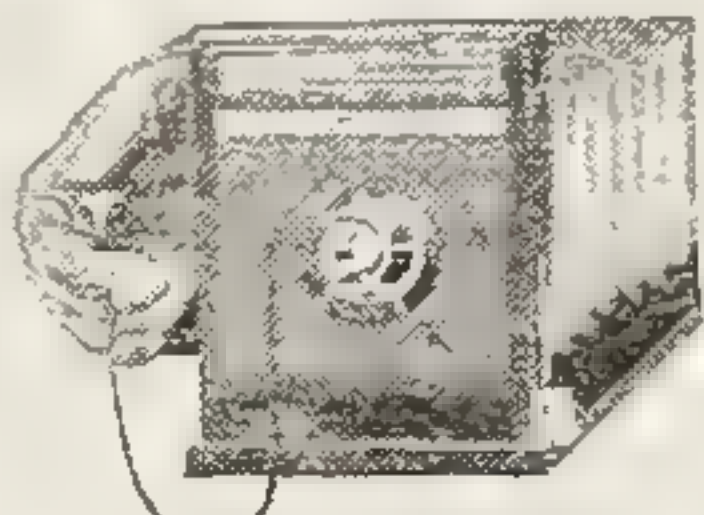


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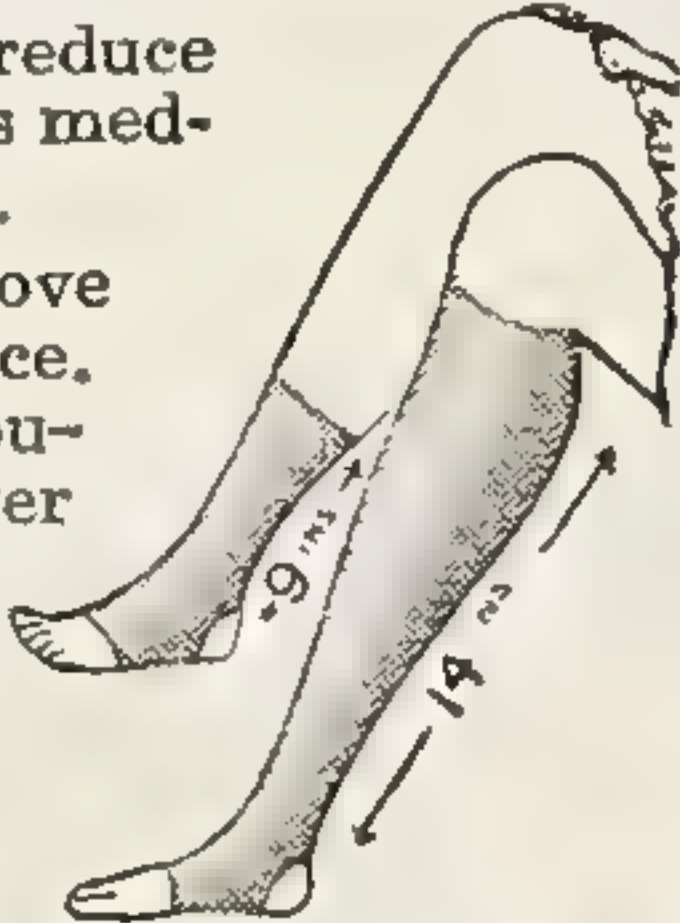


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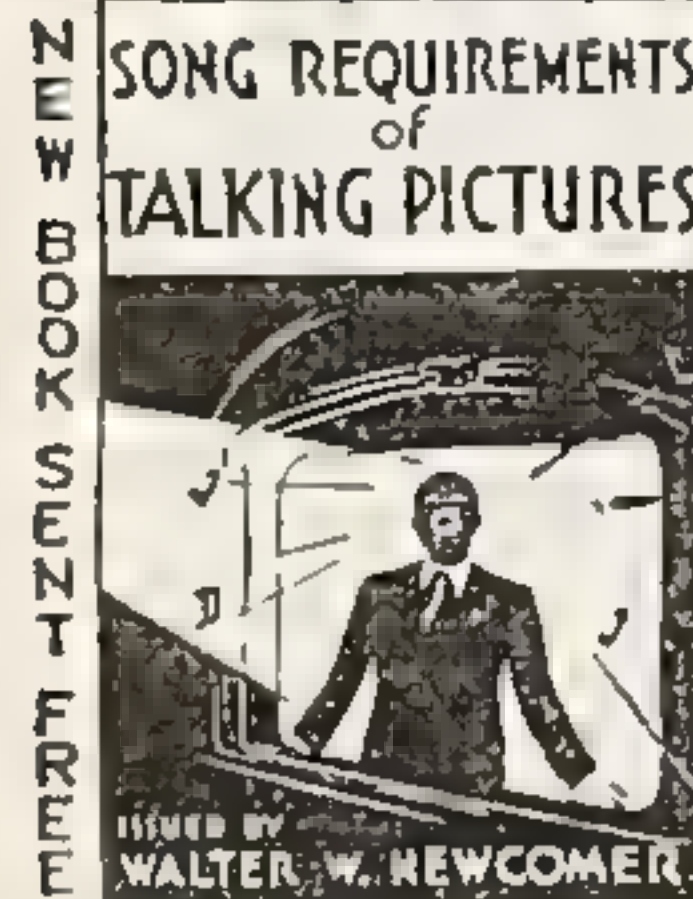
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LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA

Most Popular Girl in Hollywood

[Continued from page 13]

and an ancient sweat-shirt. This is just to be whispered about, but a certain English royal personage, visiting the Pickfair boarding house for indigent nobles, gave Mary an awfully brisk rush.

Frances Dee made a remark which speaks pretty well for the feminine side of the argument.

"I was in a party with Mary at the Roosevelt," she said. "During the evening I realized suddenly that she was entertaining the whole party and leading the conversation. I didn't resent it for a moment that another girl held the spotlight of attention. I don't believe any of the other girls felt any twinges of jealousy."

That's quite a confession, and quite a tribute to Mary.

And now, what makes Mary the most popular girl in Hollywood?

First of all, she's a lady, and that's something unusual in itself.

Ladies sort of went out of date with bustles and tandem bicycles. Mary knows how to wisecrack, but she neither drinks, smokes or tells stories about travelling men and the farmer's daughter.

She is one of the most famous young girls in the world, but she is completely lacking in conceit. Her sweetness is natural, and not turned on and off like the hot water faucet.

She has consideration and understanding for others. The sun does not rise and set for the exclusive benefit of Mary Brian.

Then there are those matters of secondary importance. She dances well and she dresses well.

She will ride in a cut down Ford or a Rolls Royce town car. A gold digger to Mary is still a bewhiskered gent in Nevada and not an ermine coat stuffed with a blonde.

And she has improved herself since she came into pictures as the wistful Wendy in "Peter Pan."

I have known Mary for a long time. At one time you might have said she was "sweet," and that would have been about all. You can still say that, but now Mary has a keen wit and can hold her own in any conversation. She can even return Jack Oakie's bon mots with ten per cent interest.

A prophet is frequently without honor in his own country. Many a popular girl shows another side of her nature to her family. There isn't a man or woman in the Paramount studio who wouldn't walk a mile to do Mary a favor. She's the darling of the publicity department. There isn't an actor or actress on the lot who will speak a harsh word of her. Gary Cooper, Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen are all delighted when they are told that Mary will be their leading woman. Lupe Velez, who frequently disapproves of Gary's leading women, never has any complaints if Mary is the girl to be kissed in the final romantic clinch. Lupe, in case you don't know, is not of an unsuspecting nature. Mary has been on the Paramount payroll longer than any other player. She has outlasted the flaming Pola Negri, the magnificent Jannings, Bebe Daniels, Evelyn Brent, Neil Hamilton, James Hall and many others. That attests her popularity with the fans.

So, Mary climbs on up the ladder of fame. Every day she wins new friends. She goes to beach suppers and eats hot dogs covered with sand. She attends proms with the collegiates. She sits down to formal dinners at Pickfair with the great names of the old and new worlds. And she has just as good a time at one place as the other.

She's the most popular girl in Hollywood. That's my story and I'll stick to it.

If anyone wants to dispute me I've left on a vacation trip to the Thousand Islands, and I'm staying a week on each one.

Mr. Cinderella

[Continued from page 37]

act climax when he forgot a line. And the only word he could think of was "dammit!" Which may explain why he now decided to keep on painting.

During his attendance at art school, Dick became acquainted with Anna Q. Nilsson. She was the first actress he had ever met and his hero worship of her is something he will retain the rest of his life. Anna Q. introduced him to the film colony, who, enchanted by his ingenuousness, became patrons of his art.

In the midst of this brief reign of prosperity, Dick heard through a friend of his of the Columbia search for "Tol'able David."

He stayed up all night, trying not to think of his screen test in the morning. Singularly enough, he wasn't the least bit nervous at the crucial moment but he

perspired so from the unaccustomed klieg lights that you could hardly see his face.

All during the making of the picture, his one desire was to please John Blystone, the director, and justify the confidence placed in him by Harry Cohn.

How, you ask, has he reacted to all this unprecedented success? And my answer is, like a little boy who has had a dozen rides on a merry-go-round and hasn't yet been able to catch the ring.

It will be years before Dick will recuperate from the emotional strain of the past few months.

His introduction to New York out-Barnumed anything that old P. T. did in the hey-day of Madison Square Garden. (And don't forget it was the first time he had ever been further away from Los Angeles than San Pedro.) From the time

he arrived in Chicago and was rushed to the finest tailleurs for a complete new wardrobe (he had never worn a hat or owned a tuxedo before) until he was greeted in New York by an entourage of Columbia escorts who paraded him up Broadway like a circus display, his life was a non-stop series of personal appearances, radio broadcasts and interviews. With People, People, People everywhere charging down on him like the charge of the Light Brigade.

During his visit in New York, Harry Cohn, who adores Dick like his own child, issued the strictest orders. He was to be kept away from night clubs, pre-Volstead liquids and women. His orders were carried out to the letter.

On the woman problem, Harry Cohn need have no fear. Dick appeals to the maternal instinct. Although he has already received thousands of fan letters, none of them have been mash notes of the "dream lover" sort but all of them have been profuse with advice on his future career.

Of course, Dick, being a normal twenty-year-old, is not entirely immune. Just at present his affections are divided between Greta Garbo (whom he has never met) and "Katja," a young player on the RKO lot. When Dick first splurged forth with a Ford car, he called it "Garbo" after his "divine woman." Recently, however, "Garbo" has suffered several mishaps, and realizing that anything less than perfect would hardly become the name of such a glamorous creature, he has changed it to "Dvorak" (the name of her double!) He threatens not to marry for a long time to come (there's that career to think about first!) but when he does, it must be someone who possesses charm, grace and intellect—to say nothing of the Garbo sex appeal.

For the present he lives with his family, all of whom are now esconced in his Hollywood home. The greatest source of satisfaction his contract has brought him is the knowledge that his mother will never have to work again and his twelve-year-old sister (whose only reaction when she learned that Dick was in pictures was, "Oooh, goody! Now, maybe I can meet 'Our Gang!'") and his other sister and brother can share the benefits of his success.

He has no intention of relegating his painting to an inglorious background—only now it will be his avocation. He can paint the things he wants to paint, not the things that sell the quickest.

From all present indications, Dick shows absolutely no evidence of the possibility of his success spoiling him. But there is the danger that he may be termed "high hat" because, hating the limelight as he does, he will never become part of the passing show. Fearing to become embroiled in it, he is liable to become more of a recluse than ever, only mingling with old friends, hesitating to make new ones. But he will never "go Hollywood;" of that I'm sure.

If he ever does, I have extracted a promise that I can shoot him on the slightest evidence.

I know he will never have to keep his promise. He's much too sane a kid—and, besides, I noticed that he has a very long life line!



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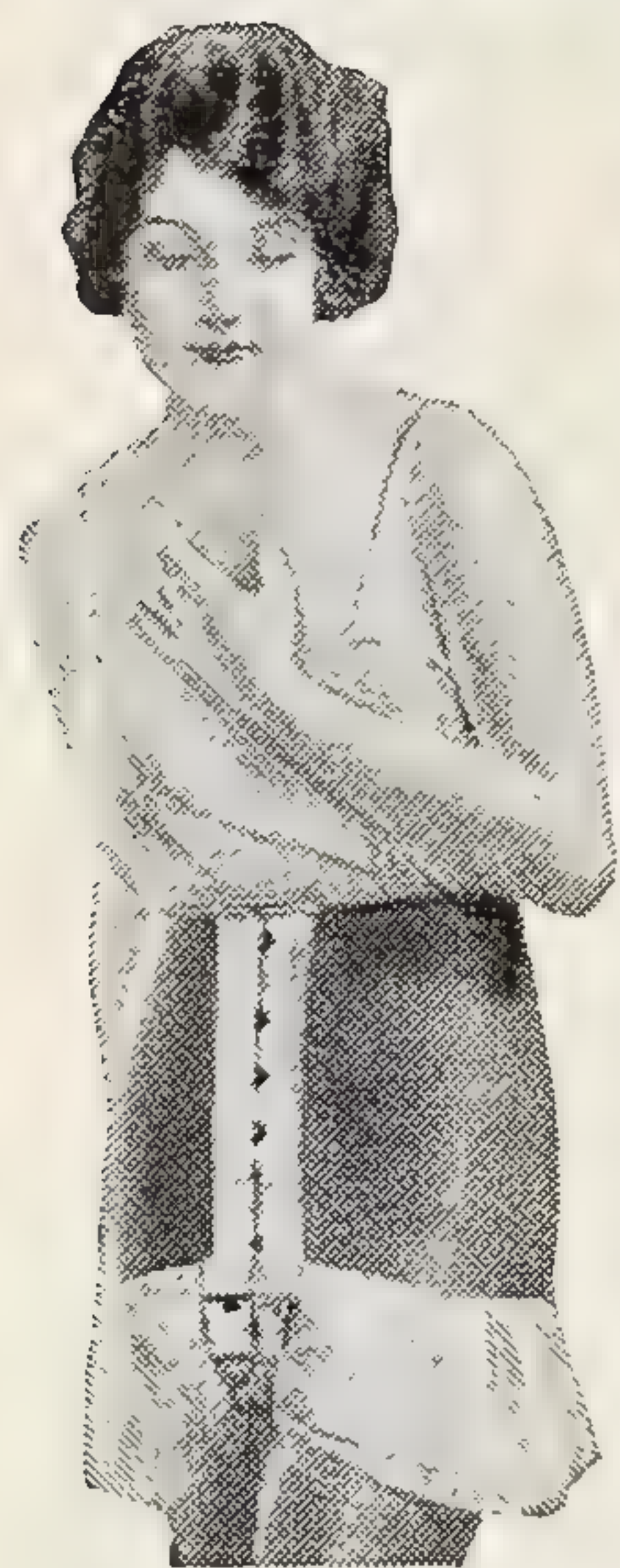
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FREE TEST

The Truth About Fan Mail

[Continued from page 15]

her mail by hand. What a painstaking gal!

Stars get loads of queer letters. One of the "odd" ones was a hollowed-out corn cob in which an Iowa gent enclosed his photograph and a love letter, "so it wouldn't be hurt in the mail," and sent it to Clara Bow. He had rolled the photo tightly, and when it arrived it was so hopelessly cracked and torn that Clara will never know exactly what her bucolic admirer looks like!

All sorts of other unusual mail lands in Hollywood. If the postal employees weren't such good movie fans, many hundreds of these "freak" letters would soon find themselves in the dead letter office. As it is, they somehow manage to reach their intended owners. For instance, an envelope on which was pasted a tiny picture of Mary Brian, but no address, was mailed in St. Louis last March. It promptly came to Hollywood, where a post-office clerk recognized the picture and scribbled the Paramount studio address beneath it. Within an hour it was put into Mary's mailbag. Dozens of similar letters, bearing pictures, have been received by others. Gary Cooper has had scores of letters addressed merely, "The Virginian, Hollywood." A letter inscribed "For Hollywood's Best Dancer" was quickly dispatched to Joan Crawford!

Imagine Al Jolson's surprise when he was handed a letter bearing his picture with the address "GOD KNOWS WHERE!" It was mailed by a fan in Pennsylvania. Another time, owing to the ingenuity of postal authorities, a letter addressed "13-1-13-13-25-Hollywood" was delivered to him. Someone in Rhode Island thought up this code, which deciphered, says "Mammy."

Al also owns the largest piece of fan mail ever delivered in Hollywood. It is a postal card ten feet long and four feet six inches wide and carries a greeting from fans in Greensboro, North Carolina.

Clara Bow boasts the smallest letter. It is the exact size of a postage stamp and addressed to "IT, Hollywood, California." The fan pasted a two hundred word letter to the back of the tiny letter, hoping, no doubt, that the novelty would win an answer. It did, too, by the way!

The following "don'ts" are good ones to keep in mind when writing to stars:

Don't ask for money. Don't ask for help in getting into pictures. Don't criticize too strongly—movie folks are only human and they like to be praised once in a while. Don't write a long letter to a player and then end up by asking him, no, not for his picture, but a picture of someone with whom he recently played in a picture! A fan did this, by the way, to El Brendel—asking him for a photo of Fifi Dorsay!

Don't ask for clothes or costumes worn in films. A Montana girl "fan" wrote to Claudia Dell, Warner Bros. starlet, asking Claudia to send her some of her old clothes. Claudia wrote back, "Sorry, but I'm wearing them myself!"

After all's said and done, notwithstanding the enormous cost of taking care of fan mail, most stars do appreciate the worth-while letters they receive. It is their only way of knowing how you feel toward them—if their work is really being applauded. If it's a personal letter your heart is set upon, well, a really sincere letter, written naturally and interestingly, should merit one. At any rate, here's hoping for you!

How They Guard Their Health

[Continued from page 31]

has one of the most completely equipped private gymnasiums in the country. Attached is a swimming pool, a complete steam room and rubbing room, and even a barber's chair. Doug has an elaborate program of exercises, and as you know, he has the lithe, supple body of an athlete of twenty. However, I've got to tell a funny story about Doug.

He was telling a writer about his health "secrets." In the morning he did this and that. In the afternoon that and the other. "I'm never sick," he boasted, and the writer believed him. "I never take a drop of medicine."

Just then the writer's eyes fell on a popular family remedy for an unpopular, familiar ailment. Doug saw it at the same time.

"Oh," he said, recovering himself beautifully, "my trainer takes that."

Richard Dix is another believer in daily calisthenics, a brisk walk and a cold shower. James Gleason plays polo, as does Will Rogers. Kenneth MacKenna and Humphrey Bogart are regular customers of the Hollywood Athletic Club squash courts. They are "champeen" players.

Ramon Novarro, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook, Victor McLaglen, and several other male stars, play a great deal of tennis to keep the doctor away. Warner Baxter wrestles two or three times a week.

A good many of the feminine players are staunch followers of the tennis game. Mary Duncan is a firm believer in it.

"Tennis is a splendid conditioner," she told me. "Even a busy working girl should be able to crowd in a few games every week. The stretching alone is most beneficial. It gives you a new outlook on life."

I have never forgotten how Lois Moran insisted that there was nothing like dancing to keep the body in trim. Dancing strips off all surplus fat. Lois practiced what she preached, and she is a healthy, poised girl if I ever saw one. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey both practise up on their stage dance routines every morning and every evening. George O'Brien likes to dance also. He believes it makes one light on one's feet. There is a chance for a pun there, but maybe I shouldn't ask if it's also light on one's partner's.

Betty Compson has never had a serious illness in her life. She eats sensibly, and gets seven hours sleep a night. She is never out late two nights in succession.

Edna May Oliver, who gives such a funny characterization in "Cimarron," has an equally funny rule for health. She warbles in the bathtub, vocalizing up and down the scales. It makes her perspire, her lungs begin to expand, and she breathes in the fresh ozone. This is just hearsay, I'll have you know.

You won't find many hypochondriacs in Hollywood. The studio life is too crowded with work to allow much time off for taking pulses, and "coddling" headaches and various complaints. The stars just have to keep well. They know that illness might postpone a picture and cost the company thousands of dollars. And, also, what worries them more, some healthier specimen might step in and get the rôle.

Jannings used to be very solicitous of his own health. He carried his individual medicine kit around with him, and had a pill for about everything. That is an unusual incident and it belongs to a more leisurely era of motion pictures.

Clara Bow is not exactly inclined to minimize her aches, but she is not a crank or a hypochondriac.

There are many cases where players are not naturally of rugged health. By exercising a little care, however, they are able to meet the rigorous life of a motion picture favorite. Helen Chandler is a very frail girl, but she knows how to conserve her strength. Sunday she spends in bed. After she returns from the studio she has her dinner in bed. She lives at the beach where she can have plenty of bracing salt air, and moderate seaside exercise. Whether or not a more rigorous system of exercise might build up Helen's endurance, I can't say. Helen thinks her recipe is best.

If Helen must spend her Sundays in absolute relaxation, Robert Montgomery is exactly the opposite. Bob gets up at the crack of dawn and takes a swim. During the day he usually gets in a couple of games of tennis, a canter on horseback, and nine holes of golf. He is completely worn out at the end of the day, as you might imagine, but he says it keeps him in fine form during the week.

Most of the studios have completely equipped hospitals right on the lot. They are seldom used except in cases of accident. Pills and patent medicines aren't popular with players. They follow the modern up-to-date method of protecting health by careful eating and exercise.

Physical breakdowns are not unknown in Hollywood, but usually they come as a result of too much "whoopie" in addition to an acting career. The players who really guard their health seldom collapse.

Most important of all, as practically every player will tell you, is the necessity of a proper amount of sleep. Very few stars will go out in the evening when they are working the next day. They reserve their playtime for between pictures. Then they know how to play, and make the best of it.

When health is gone, looks go. When health and looks are gone those nice, fat movie pay-envelopes stop coming in.

And every star wants to keep a strong bank balance.



A Remarkable Test

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The Burn-Up

[Continued from page 36]

Oh, I'm happy. Do you think I can do it—be a big star, I mean? Will you give me a helping hand once in a while?"

"I've always wanted to, since that night when Al Shoeman spoke to you in Mike's Hot Spot," I said.

Everything isn't bad in Hollywood, not by a long sight. I watched Julie grow mentally. She learned beauty. She took care of her health. She learned how to dress and how to get the most from the money she earned. It all had its effect. She was getting ready for something. She didn't know what—but life has a habit of handing you things when you're ready for them—and what it handed Julie was Jack Pennington.

One day at the studio Julie met him and if ever I saw love at first sight that was it! Why, those two kids fairly fell into each other's arms right there on the set. They took one look and it was all decided.

Despite his youth Jack Pennington was considered one of Hollywood's best actors. He was a serious chap and liked to read and study and the new Julie just fell right in with that.

Only there was a "dark lady," Lucille La Varr, in Jack's life. He did not want her there; but he was such a gentleman and such a kid that he didn't know what to do about it—or her. He was half engaged to her. Fate, just at that moment, sent the dark and stormy Lucille La Varr to an eastern studio to make a picture.

Jack seemed to forget he had ever known her. He was lost in love of Julie, and Julie must have been lost in love of him, for when the kids had barely known each other three weeks they up and married and started out in a second hand car for a honeymoon in the Canadian Rockies.

It would all have been sweet and pretty except that everybody wondered what Lucille would do when she returned to Hollywood. She was not the type to withdraw gracefully. Lucille loved scenes. And in her own selfish way she loved Jack Pennington. While Hollywood waited, eager for the fireworks, I worried about Julie. I didn't want life to hurt her again.

And then to confirm my worries, I got a letter from an old buddy of mine in New York which left no doubt in my mind as to what Lucille would do. I prayed that I was wrong. But as I read the postscript to that letter I felt a strange presentiment. The first few pages were typical newspaper gossip and then—

"Went to the Press Photographers Ball the other night and who should I run into but our old pet aversion Al Shoeman, flashing diamonds on every finger. He was plastered and shooting his mouth off like nobody's business. I couldn't make any too much sense out of his babbling but it seems that he is sticking Julie Crandall for plenty blackmail for an art movie that he took of her when she was a nobody. It's only a dancing film but one without veils, and with Julie's name that's enough. She's bought up all the prints (hence the diamonds), but he refuses to sell her the master

film. He says the second reel of that film will keep him endowed for life. Charming fellow.

Well, cheerio.

Dick.

P. S. Lucille La Varr was with him. Can't you do something about murdering that dame?"

WELL, Lucille La Varr returned from the East just about the same time that Julie and Jack returned from their honeymoon camping trip. Lucille announced that she was giving a reception in honor of "dear, sweet Julie" and "darling Jack."

The last thing in the world that Julie and Jack wanted to do was to go to Lucille's party, but Jack with his gentle disposition didn't want to hurt her feelings (he was young enough to believe she had them), so Julie was forced to accept the invitation.

No one in Hollywood was fooled for one minute by Lucille's purring. Everyone knew that before the evening was over there would be some kind of fireworks, and as much as they detested the temperamental Lucille La Varr, their sense of drama was too strong to let them stay away.

I arrived with Julie and Jack. Lucille gurgled over them. She loudly informed them that she had brought them a special present from New York and weren't they going to be surprised?

Julie was very beautiful that night, with all the tremulous beauty of a woman who is loved. She was all in white with only her tawny skin and her golden hair to give her color. Jack was boyish and proud and dignified—the strange mixture of the young bridegroom who has an adoring wife.

Even Hollywood paused for a moment at sight of them—two children of romance, two of its finest actors. But then the gin came round—and the moment of tenderness passed. The same old gossip began, the same old drinking, the same old dancing—and THEN—

"Everybody take seats," Lucille shrieked above the music. "I have a treat in store for you—moving pictures." There was a groan. Lucille laughed loudly. "Bootleg pictures," she said.

There was a mad scramble for seats. In the rear of the room a screen was disclosed and a movie machine was adjusted. The lights were turned out and everyone sat alert, avidly watching the screen. I seated myself on a divan next to Julie. I wanted to be near in case she needed me. Jack sat on her left.

When Lucille had uttered that one word "bootleg" Julie had gone as white as death—she looked like Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine—head high, chin up—unquenchable courage to the end—and the end was only a matter of moments now.

As the machine began to click away I felt her body grow taut beside me—sympathetically I covered her hand with mine and found it cold as ice—in those gray shadows her face shone out like a death mask. She forced herself to watch that film with a proud smile on her lips, for she knew that Lucille was gloatingly follow-

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How the STARS Proposed

You may know what your boy friend said when he asked you to be the one and only girl in his life—but wouldn't you like to know what Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. said to Joan Crawford; what Eddie Hillman said to Marion Nixon; what Ben Lyon said to Bebe Daniels? The fatal words of those young men—and other young men about Hollywood—you'll find in the May issue of SILVER SCREEN, on sale on all news-stands April tenth.

ing her every movement, however slight.

The first reel did not betray Julie's secret. It would be found in the second. What an eternity of agony she must have lived through while that film was unwinding itself—her hopes, her ambitions, her career, and now, her love—Tomorrow she was to have been the greatest dramatic actress on the screen—instead, tomorrow she would be disgraced, humiliated, an out-cast. But what did a career matter—it was Jack's love she wanted, Jack's trust in her.

The first reel had only a few moments to run when I heard Jack rise from his seat. I wanted to cry out to him not to leave Julie—she couldn't face what she had to face alone. But no one noticed him. All eyes were glued to that film—wondering—waiting—. But something in Jack's stealthy movements attracted my attention and held it. Slowly his long arm reached out to a nearby table and with the easy grace of a pickpocket his fingers closed about a reel of film.

My heart started pounding. Quickly Jack slid the reel into a waste paper basket and with perfect nonchalance, as if the whole course of events bored him exceedingly, he dropped his lighted cigarette into the basket, as reel one still had three seconds to go.

Back in his seat again by Julie's side Jack cried out, "I smell smoke. Something's burning." There was then a flash, curls of smoke—and flames. And pandemonium, as the saying goes, reigned.

I caught Julie just as she fainted and carried her to safety on the beach far away from those seething flames. "Oh, Jack, Jack," she kept moaning. "Oh, Jack, that was so long before I met you. If I had known I'd meet anyone like you. But I needed the money so—Oh, Jack."

I wrapped her in my coat and hurried back to get Jack, but he was playing the innocent boy and saving Lucille's goldfish. A good stiff breeze was blowing and—well, you've read the newspaper account of that fire. I really haven't enjoyed anything so much since the Sherry-Netherland Tower burned in New York.

I STAYED at a safe distance, where I could watch the blaze and watch Julie, until I saw Jack go down to her. I wanted to be sure she was quite safe. And she was. I found her held tightly in Jack's arms and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"You—knew—all—the—time?" I heard her say.

"Sure," Jack said. "But what has anything you did before you knew me got to do with me? It's you I love, Julie, today's you, and you wouldn't be today's you if there hadn't been a yesterday, darling Julie. We all make mistakes—sometimes. Whatever you were—nothing matters now but that you keep on loving me, and—if I was the guy to burn up your past—well, who could have done it better?"

I know when there's a crowd so I hurried back to the fireworks. Dolores Delight's little Boo Boo had scorched its tail and she (the star, not the dog) needed a strong pair of manly arms.

Yes, love has caused a lot of funny things to happen in Hollywood. But then it's a great town and love's a great emotion.



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Women Don't Understand Themselves

[Continued from page 16]

The other fellow, Joe Brooks, had a slick tongue and that was about all. Well, Emma fell for Joe and married him.

"Now Emma understood Joe and knew he wasn't good for much. What she didn't understand was herself. It was only after she'd been won by Joe's slick tongue and married him that she realized that the homely guy really loved her and that she loved him. At the end of the play some hope was held out that those two who really were the right mates for each other would be united.

"Emma didn't fail in her understanding of men. She failed in her understanding of herself.

"Women have a wonderful knowledge of the psychology of men. But if a woman's going to insist on marrying the wrong man or is going to try to win a man who isn't attracted by her, she's using all her knowledge to the wrong end.

"Why should you, for instance, try to marry a homely, awkward guy like me when all the time there's a nice boy like that (darting a wild glance around the room and picking on a fellow scribe I'd never seen before) waiting to marry you?"

SINCE George was evidently being metaphorical, I didn't try to explain that I had no intentions of trying to take him from his wife and child.

Bancroft, you know, has been married for sixteen years and has a daughter almost thirteen years old who is attending school in Hollywood. But he doesn't pull the old line about working only for the sake of his wife and kiddie.

"In my most recent picture 'Scandal Sheet' I play the part of a newspaper man who works himself up to the position of managing editor. He couldn't have helped doing what he did. The smell of printer's ink was in his blood. It's the same way with acting. It's in a man's blood.

"I hope to die with my boots on," George added.

George may, it is said, leave Paramount for Warner Bros., but he feels companies make little difference. It is the public which makes the star. George was third mention person in the picture "Underworld," in which Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook were mentioned first. Then suddenly the public began raving about Bancroft. Billboards and exhibitors' placards were torn down almost overnight; and when new ones were put up, lo and behold, George Bancroft's name led all the rest.

It's been that way ever since.

While he has been successful professionally, the interesting thing about him is the knowledge of practical psychology which has enabled him to make a success of marriage. When a Hollywood marriage lasts sixteen years, there may be a great love behind it but there's also sure to be a keen knowledge of human nature.

Bancroft himself attributes the success of his marriage to his wife.

I asked Bancroft what else women sometimes fail to understand about themselves besides their tendency to go after the wrong man.

He chuckled.

"Well, women are sometimes prone to pan other women," he said. "But a man never pans a woman. (Oh, don't they!) Do you know why men never criticize women? Because their mothers, sisters and sweethearts are women. (Oh, George, how could you! Don't you know that you're supposed to be hard-boiled and that this is mushy sentimentality?)

"Recently I was asked to be present at some high school dedication ceremonies. As the young girls walked by swinging their glorious athletic young bodies, I thought that never in the world had I seen such fine soldiers. The thought struck me that this was the coming generation of mothers. The great majority of men think that such women are superb, and while women may admire them, they do not realize as fully as men do how important they are to the world.

"TO me they are a splendid example of progress. We are emerging from the era of flapperhood. The new generation of young women have the fine traits of our mothers combined with the frankness and directness of the flapper. Out of the flapper era they have taken the gold but left the dross behind. They are honest but not immodest; sophisticated and naive at the same time. They enjoy life but they have found that good times come in other forms than in a cocktail shaker.

"When I see the type of young women we are developing as the future mothers of the race, I feel proud to have seen this generation. Progress is coming not a step at a time, but two, four, six, eight steps at a time.

"Women must learn to think of the future. A great many women have a tendency to live too much in the past. When a woman falls in love with a man, she may ask him what he used to be and whom he loved before he met her. These things do not matter and they cannot change true love. It is what a man is, not what he was, that counts. The present and the future are all that matter."

"Of course," added Bancroft in a quick aside, "I am not speaking of all women when I point out where some women fail. But these are the very ones I'd like to help.

"What these women do not understand about themselves is that they only make themselves miserable by groping in the dark places of the past; they do not understand how to treat each other; and they do not understand that when they try to win a man who does not and cannot love them, it is not love which spurs them on but wounded vanity."

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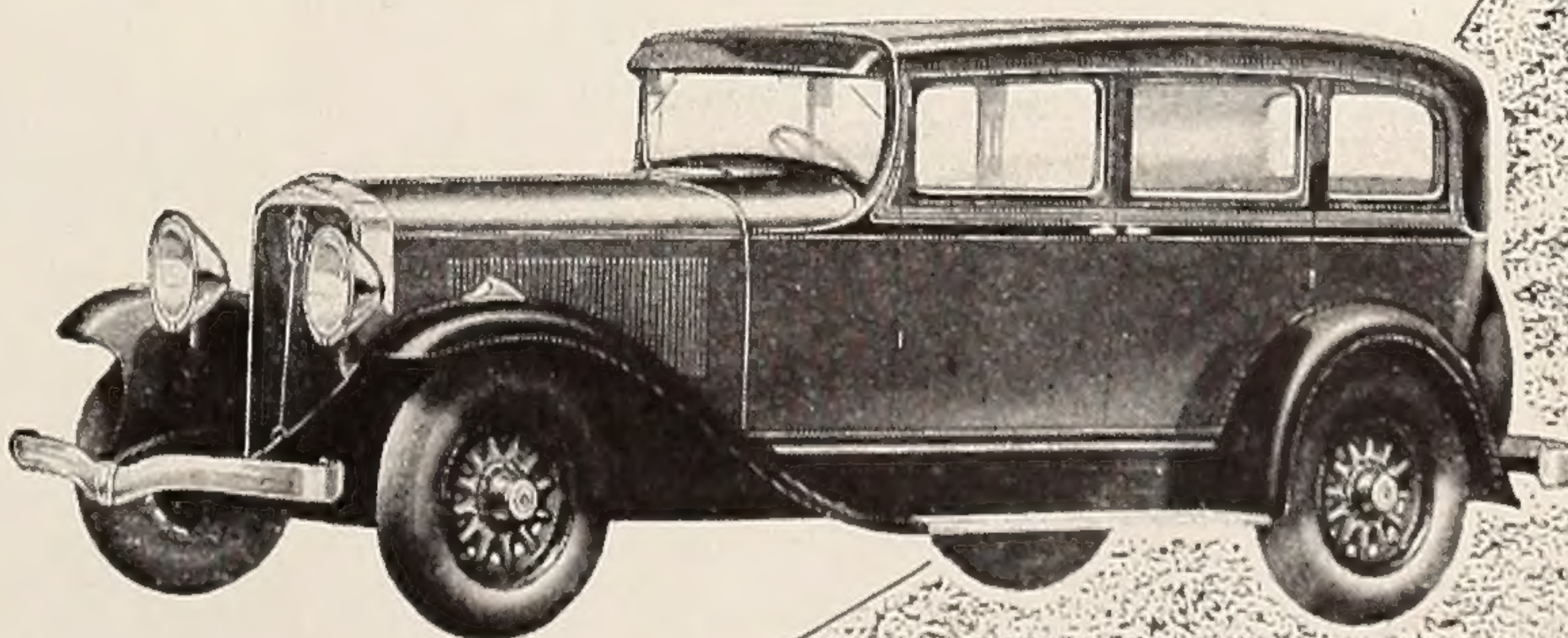
Here is the test. The picture above portrays a young woman awaiting the arrival of her guests. Unknown to her, eight of them are already there. Their faces are concealed in the foliage around the door. Can you find them?

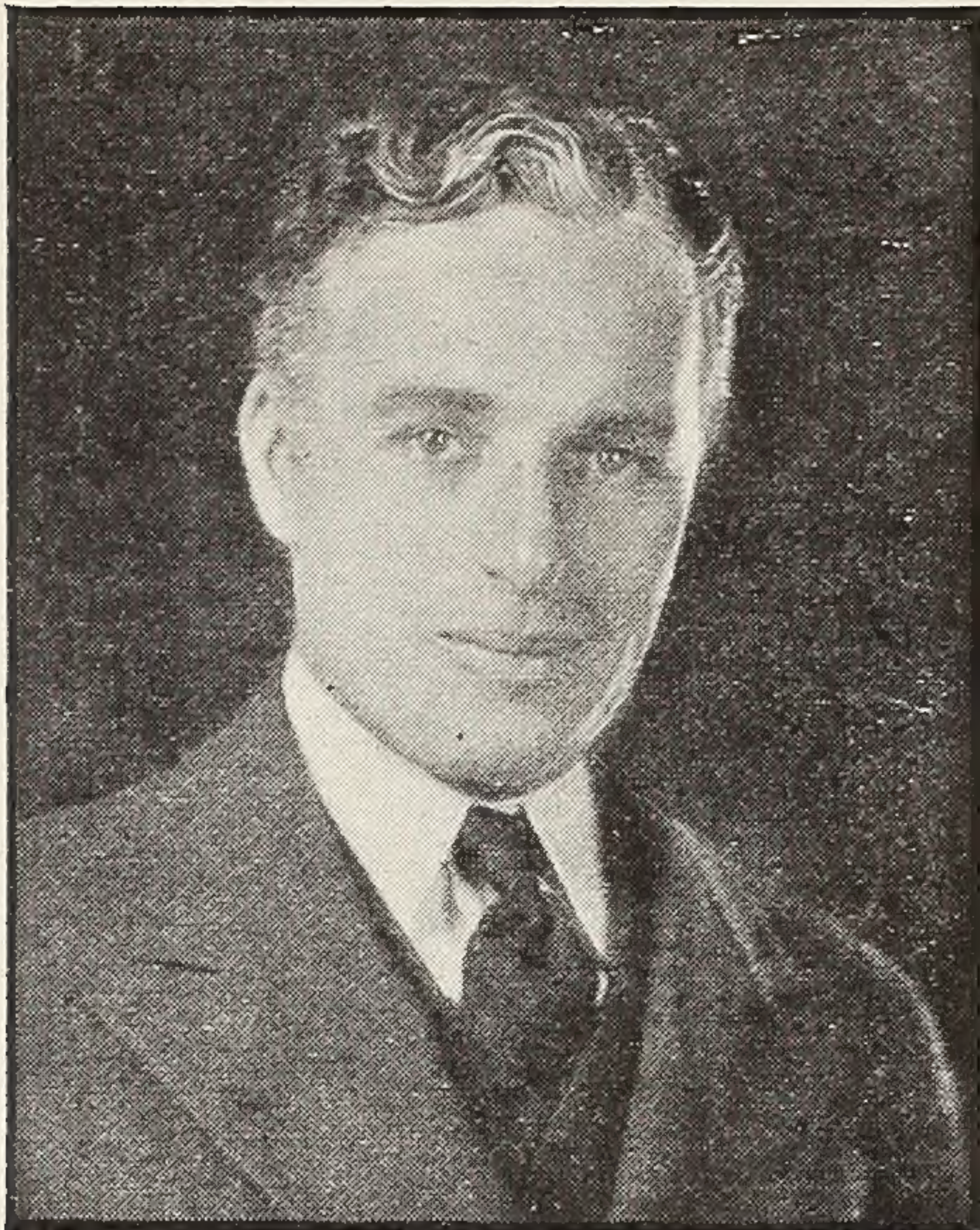
Look carefully. If you can find the faces of five or more of the guests who are present, lose no time but mark them with a cross, tear out the picture and send it. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago.

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CHARLIE
CHAPLIN

The Final Fling

THIS movie business is a bad business in which to make prophecies.

I arrived at that big thought after seeing Chaplin's "City Lights."

In the first issue of SILVER SCREEN last October, Charlie, talking against talkies, said, "I am exceedingly enthusiastic about 'City Lights.' It is truly a motion picture as motion pictures should be, which means motion and no talk. I confidently believe that after it is seen, sixty percent of the productions thereafter will revert to non-dialogue."

Well, this writer, speaking just for herself, was bitterly disappointed. "City Lights" seemed to her one of the weakest and least brilliant pictures Chaplin has ever made. It has its moments of supreme artistry. It has its hilarious laughs. It has no dialogue, and you don't particularly care, since it has no story, either. But to me, it has as much force against the thriving talkies as an old lady in a buggy shaking an angry fist at a passing Rolls Royce.

Chaplin is an artist. He knows his technique. With the exception of "The Circus," he has been off the screen for six years. It is interesting to observe in "City Lights" that he has not slipped back from his high position. But it is sad to note, though, his use of sure-fire gags and shopworn pathos; sad to feel that, despite his expenditure of much time and two million dollars on this production, neither has he progressed.

Harriet Parsons writes in to say that any star who has not been approached by Warner Bros. in their recent raids on the personalities of other studios, is practically a social outcast in Hollywood.

Which reminds me of another prophecy.

Nearly a year ago—it was early in June to be exact—I gathered material for a story on box-office pictures.

Among other executives I talked to an official at Warner Bros. He was a very sincere gentleman and this was what he said: "Warner Bros.' most successful picture of last season was 'Gold Diggers of Broadway.' Judging by the success of that film, and several other of our money makers, we have decided to do away with all stars, save Barrymore and Arliss. The tendency of Warners' in the future will be in favor of films with fine productions and good stories, rather than toward those where all the emphasis is put upon the star."

Not quite a year ago—and now Warners' have hired Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Kay Francis, and Constance Bennett at salaries that make you dizzy.

For myself, the more stars the merrier. There can't be too many to suit me. But I would like to know what made the Warners' change their minds.

Yes, a dangerous business, this, in which to make prophecies.

So I'll make one.

I'll bet I get a thousand letters from ardent Chaplinites who tell me I don't know art when I see it.

To which my answer is—it takes all sorts of people to make a world and I'd like about ten thousand more made who look like Greta Garbo.

Ruth Waterbury.

EDITOR.

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